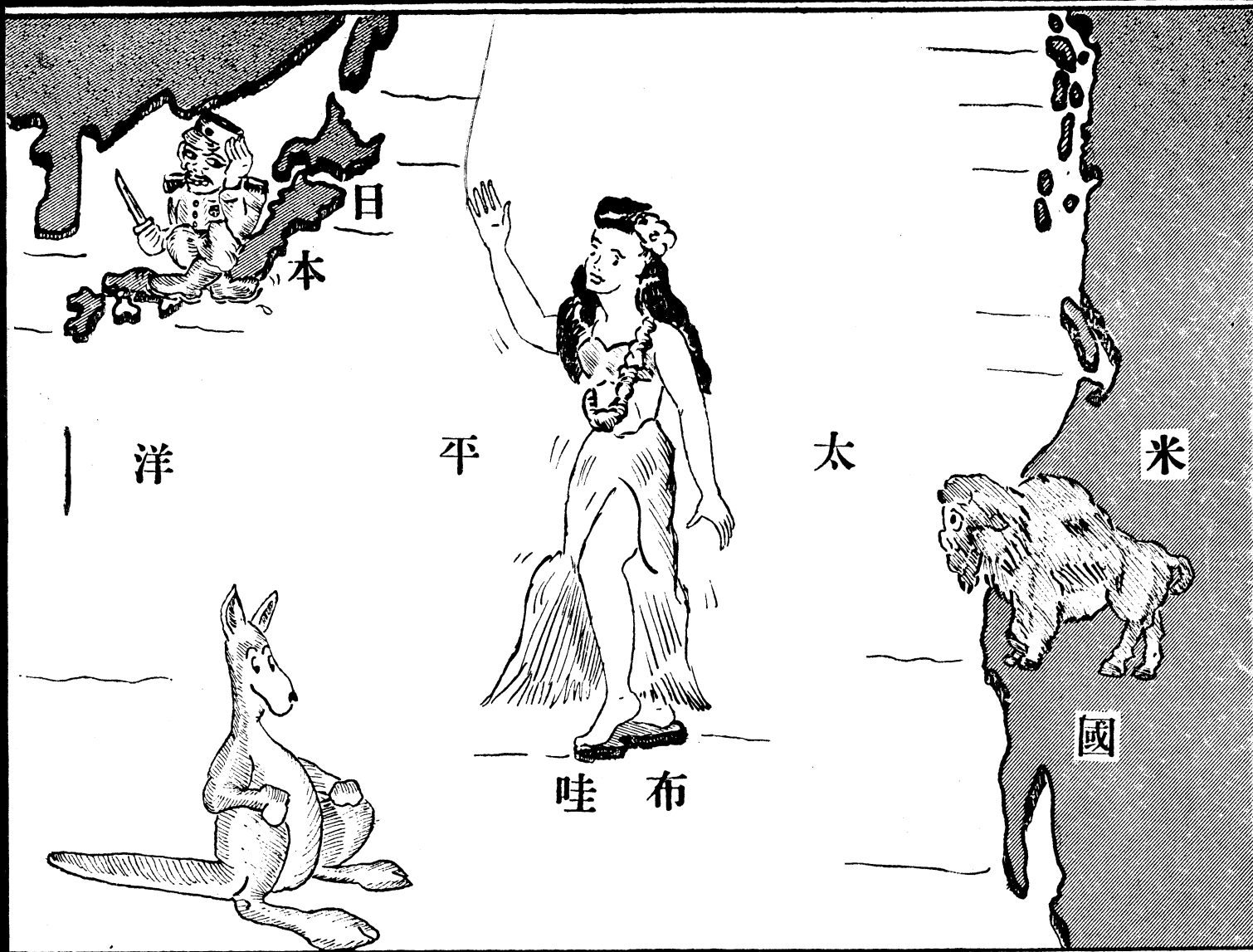


Alaka



WIGFHA

A L O H A J I G P O H A

The following anthology is the result of one night's alcoholically - inspired conception in the bar at the St. Francis, Erdman Annex. The work acquired considerable bulk and possibly even some quality during the ensuing weeks of incubation under the supervision of the Editorial Board --- though its birth here seems hardly credible. In any case, we present the offspring for your own drinking and singing pleasure.

- I. BOULDER - JIGPOHA JIDAI
 - II. WAR IN THE POA
 - III. POLITICAL POTPOURRI
 - IV. DRINKING DITTIES AND COLLEGE CLASSICS
 - V. BAWDY BALLADS
-

To all collaborators, contributors, and sundry mid-wives, a hearty "DŌMO ARIGATŌ GOZAIMAS."

Honolulu, T. H.

February 1945

BOULDER-JIGPOHA JIDAI

Thru the songs of Boulder and JIGPOHA may be traced the peculiar thought processes of men wedded to the enormities of a barbarous language and welded to tasks of seldom-lightened tedium. Here and there are gayer tunes, reminders of weekends in Denver or Estes Park, beer busts in Boulder, in the Men's Dorm at the U. of Colo., at Erdman, BOQ 9, or the MacDonald Hotel in Hawaii, and last but not least the gaiety of romance that came to the "Range of the Buffalo" with the Waves.

Underlying all this is sheer nostalgia tempered fortunately with the dry and sometimes raucous humor that goes with an unpredictable future. If these bore you a little, bear with us for a while -- there is more to follow.

THE RANGE OF THE BUFFALO

'Twas in the town of New Haven in the spring of '42
When a man by the name of Hindmarsh came walking up to you,
Said how d'you do, young fellow,
And how'd you like to go,
And spend your summer pleasantly,
On the range of the buffalo.

Chorus:

Buffalo, buffalo, buffalo, buffalo,
And spend your summer pleasantly,
On the range of the buffalo.

With Kanji cards and Tokuhons, our troubles they began,
With muttered curses and swear words, our fevers high they ran,
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, it doesn't pay to know,
It's what you learn on Friday night,
On the range of the buffalo.

The year being near over, the Captain he did say,
The crowd had been extravagant, was in debt to him that day,
We argued and we pleaded, but still it was no go
So we left his bones to bleach
On the range of the buffalo.

One day upon the campus I met a CU gal,
She slapped me on the back with a hearty, "Hi, ya, pal,"
Into my fair white body she tried to sink her hooks,
But I shot her full of Kanji,
And returned to the goddam books.

They tell us that our sex life is really rather queer,
But if you want a good one, I'll say we have him here,
The boys they call him Foo-Foe, he's a yeoman second-class,
And just between the two of us,
He's a wonderful piece of ass.

Some talk about the geniuses, and some about the grinds,
And some about the morons with the photographic minds,
But give me sex and liquor, and plenty of time to fool,
I'm a happy flunking bastard from the Navy Language School.

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They sent us a man named Conover from far across the sea,
And after he looked us over; the big shot said to me,
My ship is made of concrete, my men, I think, of the same,
And the way they keep their port holes is a goddam bloody shame.

The crew forsake their Kanji cards for the dust pan and the mop,
The Captain soon decided that all sacking in must stop.
But when he cut out screwing as bad for the cardiac,
Was the final regulation that broke the camel's back.

Some talk about the Navy, and some about the Marines,
And some about the Army, and some about pork and beans,
But if he talks of Kanji, and then begins to drool,
He's a poor benighted bastard from the Navy Language School.

From here on out as you may know, the verses they get worse
And worse and worse and worse and worse and worse and worse
We'd really like to sing them, the pleasure we forgo
For we've been asked to keep it clean on the range of the buffalo.

THE KEIBAJO

Everybody's doin' the Kei-Ba-Jo
Now that we're finished with the Kokubo
Ichi-ni-san-shi, Here we go
With a jin-sei-no and a kei-ba-jo.

Everybody's doin' the Kei-Ba-Jo
Started with Murphy to diMaggio
Alla-ma-swalla-ma, Swanee shore
With a jin-sei kei-ba-jo once more.

Everybody's doin' the Kei-Ba-Jo
Rum-pen-naishi-dai-mi-yo
Kobe kara Tokyo
With a jin-sei-no and a kei-ba-jo.

GLORY, GLORY COLORADO

Glory, glory, Colorado,
Glory; glory; Colorado;
Glory, glory, Colorado,
Hoorah for the Silver and the Gold.

(Tune: "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary")

It's a long way to Yokohama, it's a long way to go.
It's a long way to Kanagawa, where we'll hit our first joro.
So it's farewell Marianna -- Hello Dai Nippon.
It's a long, long way to Nagasaki, but our biiru's all gone.

SATURDAY MORNING BLUES

Oh, what a hell of a morning,
Oh, what a hell of a day.
I've got a hell of a feeling,
That I've got a sosho exam.

(Excerpts from)

4

A PLAY

Written, Produced, and Scored by Students of the

NAVY JAPANESE LANGUAGE SCHOOL

BOULDER, COLORADO

(OPENING CHORUS)

Chorus: If you want to know who we are
 We are Y2c V-4 USNR
 Which when decoded simply means
 That we all study Japanese
 At C.U. under the auspices
 Of the U.S. Navy if you please.

 Miya sama miya sama
 Japanese has screwy grammar
 Start to translate from the bottom
 Reach the top and you no gottum.

 From the stories that you hear
 You must think that we're particularly queer.
 Although each night we study late
 That don't mean every guy's Phi Bete
 And though we seldom have a date
 When we do - woo woo - we sure feel great!

Solo: If you folks will lend an ear
 We'll confess how we were chosen to come here.
 When I was a college sophomore
 I thought all classes were an awful bore.
 So pencil and paper I would find
 To doodle anything that came into my mind
 Oh I was such a doodling fool
 That now I am a member of the Language School.

 When I was member of the idle rich,
 I spent my time in playing bridge
 And soon I learned the art complex
 Of becoming an expert at shuffling decks.
 Oh I was such a shuffling fool
 That I became a member of the Language School.

 Oh many years before-
 I worked on the docks as a stevedore
 I'd lift that bale and tote that barge
 Until my muscles grew very large
 Oh I was such a toting fool
 That I became a member of the Language School

 When I was a white collar employe
 I patronized a Chines laundry.
 The meaning of the tickets I couldn't tap
 So I just saved them up for paper scrap.
 Oh I was such a saving fool
 That I became a member of the Language School.

Solo: Umareta tokoro wa
Dai Nihon no Osaka
First Man: What did he say?
Second Man: What did he say?
Third Man: How do we know?
All: He's a B.I.J.!
Fourth Man: A B.I.J.?
Fifth Man: What's a B.I.J.?
Sixth Man: He was born in Japan where they speak it all day.
First Man: So you can't tell what they're trying to say.
Second Man: You can't tell?
All: Neither can they!

Chorus: So listen you civilians, don't be cynical
At this rule of how to rise up to the pinnacle.
Don't read any books, stay as dumb as a mule,
And you can't be accepted in the Language School.

Chorus: And so you know the story
Behind our rise to glory

When our yeoman days are past
Ta-ran-Ta-ra, Ta-ran-Ta-ra
And we're on a ship at last
Ta-ran-Ta-ra
We won't know the ocean's thrills
Ta-ran-Ta-ra, Ta-ran-Ta-ra.
We'll be taking sea sick pills
Ta-ran-Ta-ra.

Cause we're from Michigan, Stanford, California,
Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia,
Rutgers, Schmutgers, Duke, and Fluke
And Puke and lots more.

(Callahan enters from between curtains.)

And you know who I am.

Chorus: Callahan.

(Callahan steps down center.)

Call: I'm poor little Callahan
Dear little Callahan
Whom everybody ignores.
But I don't complain
I was born with a brain.
And I find all you people are bores.
I've read Kant, I've read Nagel
Spinoza and Hegel
My knowledge is far from obtuse
And I've run the gamut
From Jove to Mohammed
To playing with old Mother Goose.

Chorus: Defer -- Defer
To the noble Harvard Graduate.
(Exit, carried off on shoulders of the Chorus.)

(SONG BY GIRL IN FRONT OF CURTAIN)

I'm a fugitive from Boulder
This so-called tourists' mocca-
And I'm fed up with the language school
They haven't one good necker.
When the Navy sent those gobs of men it seemed to me good reason
To feel that for a female it would be an open season --
But I've been here for months and I have yet to go squeezin'
Gee, don't those language students ever stop their Japaneezin'.

They'll draw me loads of characters
 And think they're so artistic,
 But little do they realize
 My desires are not linguistic.
 Like a dope I'm full of hope when they invite me to the Sink
 And whisper "kono sakura" - ah, romance - so I think
 "Momo iro" - and on he'll go - and give his friends a wink
 For all he's really saying is: "This cherry tree is pink."

When I came to Colorado, I was in a happy state
 I was sure I'd land a sailor and become a bos'n's mate ---
 How was I to know they're yeoman, and what's more they're all
 Phi Bete!

Oh, I turned on all my charms - I confess it fairly poured
 But it ain't no use, you can't seduce a member of that horde,
 For when it comes to sex these intellectuals are bored --
 I guess that saying's true: "The pen is mightier than the broad."

Now things are worse than ever
 With this newly-issued law-
 My field of operation is much smaller than before,
 At night I use to roam about each dormitory floor
 Masquerading as house-mother to the boys whom I adore,
 And I'd unlace thier uniforms and tuck them into bed.
 But now Lieutenant Conover is doing that instead.

Oh I'm a fugitive from Boulder
 And though I'm going to leave
 Don't think that I've been licked
 'Cause I have something up my sleeve:
 My application's been approved - I'm entering the WAVES.
 And when I get my commission, I'll get even with these knaves.
 'Cause I'll be back to give these gobs the orders - and I'm betting
 That every petty officer will do his share of petting.

FINAL CHORUS

When I decided to enlist
 I came to Boulder with an ego twist
 But Military discipline soon took hold
 And made me fit into the common mold
 So I by following every rule
 Became a model member of the Language School.

Besides Miss Walne whom you all know
 Said, "Boys on ship you will have to go
 And travel the Pacific to the far south seas
 Where you will be interpreters of Japanese
 So, please obeying every rule,
 Become a model member of the Language School",
 So I obeying every rule,
 Became a model member of the Language School.

And so you know the story
 Behind our fall from glory.

But - When we're Ensigns of the line
 Ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra,
 Our lingo will be fine - ta-ran-ta-ra,
 And our fluent Japanese - ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra,
 Will resound o'er foreign seas
 Sa-yo-na-ra.

Deferred, Deferred,
 To the U. S. Navy Language School
 Deferred, Deferred,
 To the U. S. Navy, U. S. Navy Language School.
 (Curtain)

THE HACALYTE SONG

(Tune: "Abdul a Bulbul --")

He was a Harvard man far above par,
 And when he did spell -
 The drunkest by far in the Hacalyte bar
 Was an eminent member called Sol.

When they wanted a heel who could handle the wheel,
 A lusty, loud-singing sport,
 A man of good men, but of dubious fame,
 They always shouted for Nort.

In his uniform blue and physique that shows through,
 It's rumored that he is a doorman;
 But that couldn't be, for so brainy is he -
 The Calender-changer named Boorman.

But the member serene is a pretty Marine,
 Who can squelch anyone with a crack;
 He's seen from afar like a red-shining star,
 The fighter of bottles named Jack.

The handsomest face on the bar-room floor
 Is Packman with heart so sincere.
 His fellow creatures he does adore -
 Especially the one in the mirror!

Le meilleur gentil des tous Hacalytes
 S'appelle Desjardins, roi dit.
 Il nous fait a soupire
 Quand il commence a rire -
 Pour ses ans il n'est pas petit.

LET'S GET AWAY FROM IT ALL

Let's take a boat to Oahu
 Let's take a plane to Palau,
 Let's take a powder
 To the land of Earl Browder,
 Let's get away from it all.

Let's take a trip to the Ainus,
 Let's have a chat by the hearth,
 Let's take a senkan for Shina no engan,
 Let's get away from it all

We'll travel round from to to to,
 Nihongo as we go,
 Borrow dough, when we get short,
 Suifu in every port - oh -

Let's have a bender in Boulder,
 Flatirons, phooey to you.
 Enough of this benkyo,
 We're going to Tokyo,
 Let's get away from it all!

GRINNELL

Words: BRONSTON
 Music: BRONSTON
 Straw Hats: BRONSTON

1st Verse (con ravioli)

Grin-nell; grin-nell;
 Grin-nell, grin-nell,
 Gri-gri-gri-nell, Grinnell,
 Gri-hi-nell, Grinnell.

2nd Verse (brontissimo)

GRIN-NELL, GRINNELL,
 GRINNELL GRINNELL
 GRINNELL GRINNELL
 GRINNELL GRINNELL

3rd Verse (Expurgated in this edition. Cf. Waldo L. Slumme,
Songs of the Early Hebrews, pp. 53-60)

4th Verse (crescendo con volume)

GRINNELLGRINNELL
 GRINNELLGRINNELL
 GRINNELLGRINNELL
 GRINNELLGRINNELL

5th Verse

This verse is substantially the same as the preceding four, with the possible exception that the crowd has become progressively drunker and is probably out of hand by this time. This may result in the alteration of some of the more intricate lines, but this is made up for by a gratifying volume. This verse would look something this:

gRIⁿ nel GRINNELL

G^r_iⁿ_ne^l_l g^r_iⁿ_ne^l_l

Oh (added by Williams, 1944 circa) Grinnell-
 grinnell grinnell grinnell.*

*The Song Grinnell ends at this point.

DRINK A HIGHBALL

(Dedicated to Father "Eric the Red" Mist)

Drink a highball,
 At nightfall.
 Be good fellows while you may,
 For tomorrow may bring sorrow,
 So tonight let's all be gay.
 Tell the story
 Of the glory, of Penn-syl-van-i-a.
 Drink a highball at nightfall,
 Drink a toast to dear old Penn.

A MAN WITHOUT A WOMAN
(Or the Pearl Harbor Complaint)

9

A man without a woman is like a ship without a sail,
Is like a boat without a rudder,
Is like a kite without tail.
A man without a woman is like a wreck upon the sand,
But if there's one thing worse in the Universe,
And it's a woman - I said a woman, I mean a woman -
without a man.

Now you can roll a silver dollar down upon the ground,
And it will ro-o-oll, Becuase it's ro-o-ound,
A woman never knows what a good man she's got, until she
turns him down.

Now listen, my honey, listen to me,
Becasue I want you to understand,
That as a dollar goes from hand to hand,
So a woman goes from man to man
Out in Boulder
So a woman goes from man to man
I really mean it
So a woman goes from man to man
Oh on the greensward
So a woman goes from man to man
Oh at Panorama,
So a woman goes from man to man
And how they love it
So a woman goes from man to man
Now for the last time,
So a woman goes from man to man
I fooled you that time,
So a woman goes from man to man!

MY GIRL'S FROM BOULDER

My girl's from Vassar,
None can surpass her.
She holds the stroke on the varsity crew,
And in my future life she's going to be my wife.
How in the hell did you find that out?
She told me so.

My girl's from Holyoke,
She taught me how to smoke;
She knows a dirty joke.
I know one too.
And in my future life...

My girl's from Wellesley,
I bounce her on my knee.
She thinks a lot of me,
I think so too,
And in my future life...

My girl's from Boulder,
I like to hold her,
I want to love her
Before I get older,
And in my future life...

My girl's a Nami,
She's got me balmy.
We love to do it
On the tatami,
And in my future life...

THE GREAT SHIP TITANIC

Oh, they built the ship Titanic,
 And when they were through,
 They said they had a ship
 That the water would never get through,
 But the Lord with his mighty hand,
 Said the ship would never stand,
 It was sad when that great ship went down.

Chorus:

It was sad, mighty sad,
 It was sad when that great ship went down
 To the bottom of the -
 Husbands and wives,
 Littles kiddies lost their lives,
 It was sad when that great ship went down.

Oh, they were nearing Engaland,
 And approaching close to shore,
 When the rich refused to associate with the poor,
 So they put them down below,
 Where they were the first to go,
 It was sad when that great ship went down.

Oh, they put the life-boats out
 In the cruel and raging sea,
 And the band struck up with
 Nearer My God to Thee.
 The children wept and cried,
 As the water poured inside,
 It was sad when that great ship went down.

IF YOU'RE FROM COLORADO

If you're from Colorado, just come along with me
 By the bright, shining light of the silvery moon
 If you're from Colorado, just come along with me
 By the bright shining light of the moon -

By the light of the moon, by the light of the moon
 By the bright shining light of the silvery moon
 If you're from Colorado, just come along with me,
 By the bright shining light of the moon - .

THE JOLLY STUDENT (Tune: "The Jolly Miller")

There was a language student once just bright as he could be,
 He wore his buttons shined and bright; he'd never been to sea.
 And this the burden of his song forever used to be,
 I care for nothing at all in life, but Japanese kanji.

Then came the day when out to sea our sailor hero sailed,
 The bow went down and then came up; his handsome features paled.
 And this the burden of the song that evermore he wailed,
 I wish to Hell in Boulder town I'd miserably failed.

BROOKLYN COLLEGE

Brooklyn Collitch, full fromm knowledge -
 Schpielt basketball.
 Brooklyn Collitch, full fromm knowledge -
 Pess dat ball.
 Abie shoots a besket,
 Izzie makes a gohl.
 Ain't we got fun at Brooklyn Collitch,
 Schpielink besketball!

POMONA

Feetsball, bazebohl -
 Swimming in ah tenk.
 We got lots of monyeh,
 But we keep it in deh benk.
 Pomona, Pomona,
 It's a collitch!

C.C.N.Y

Ikey, Mikey, Jakey, Sam,
 We're the boys who eat no ham.
 We play basketball, football, soccer,
 We keep matzohs in our locker.
 CCNY, you're all right,
 High atop St. Nicholas Height,
 Kick him in the kishkas,
 Fight, fight, fight!

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY

I'm a Yankee Doodle dandy,
 Yankee Doodle do or die,
 A real life nephew from mine Huncle Sam,
 Born on the fourth fromm Chuly,
 I a Yankee Doodle sveetheart hef,
 She's my Yankee Doodle joy.
 Oh, Yankee Doodle vent to town,
 Just to ride the ponies,
 I am a Yankee Doodle Boy!

ODE TO DELTA GAMMA

I'm a dirty Delta Gamma,
 Dirty till the day I die,
 Dirty, dirty, dirty, dirty,
 Dirty Delta Gamma,
 I am a Delta Gamma PHI!

COLORADO FIGHT SONG

Suzy-Q, truck on down,
 Colorado Buffaloes, going to town!
 Shag to the left, shag to the right,
 Colorado Bisons, fight, fight, fight!

KAIGUN NIHONGO GAKKŌ

Susume tsuwamono iza susume,
 Seijo no hata sakidateri
 Minghu no tame no iya sakae
 Riso no kuni wo tatsuru made

Chorus:

Tsutome hagemeyo, kuni no tame
 Sekai no hikari, oyobu made.

Aozora kakeru masura wo mo
 Yamaza wo koyuru mono no fumo
 Uabara wataru furabito mo
 Kenage ni manabu harakaramo.

Minshu no chichi mo saidan ni
 Mi wo sasagetari waga tame ni
 Fuso ni otoragu iso shimo wa
 Warera no homarezo kokoro shite.

AME AME

Ame, ame furi, furi, kaa san ga,
 Chano me de o mukae, ureshii na.

Chorus:

Pichi, pichi, chappu, chappu
 Ran, ran, ran.

AULD LANG SYNE

Hotaru no hikari, mado no yuki,
 Fumi yomu, tsukihi, kasane tsu tsu
 Itsu shika toshi mo, sugi no tō wo
 Akete zo, kesa wa
 Wakare yuku.

AO ZORA

(TN: "Blue Heaven")

Yugure ni aogi, watashi no ao zora,
 Hikurete tadoru wa, wagaya no hōsō michi,
 Semai nagara mo tanoshi wagaya,
 Ai no hikari no sasu tokoro,
 Koishi, iye koso, watashi no ao zora.

KIMI GA YO

Kimi ga yo wa
 Chiyo ni yachiyo ni sazare.
 Ishi wa iwa wo to narite
 Koke no musu made.

SHIBONE

Shibone, habana wa shizukana tsuki no yoi,
 Shibone, tanoshiku utaōyo minnade,
 Shibone, kokoromo hazumuyo konorizumu,
 Kimito te wo tori, odoroyo rumuba,
 Utaeya hayaseya shibone -

THE J____A SALT MINES

(The Tired Translator's Lament)

(Tune: The Grandfather's Clock)

I'm coming home to you, my love,
 A figure bent and gray;
 They've let me out from the salt mines, love,
 It's twanty-odd years and a day.

I've a story sad to tell, love,
 It's a thing I hate to say,
 But there's no lead left in my pencil, love,
 And my tool has shriveled away.

They told me I was going out, love,
 To fight for our family small,
 But the bastards kept me there so long,
 There'll be no family at all.

I've watched the long years pass, love,
 And I've waited in my 'urn,
 But whenever I sent my leave chit up,
 They simply marked it "To Burn".

I'm coming back to you, love,
 A figure bent and gray,
 They've let me out of J____A, love,
 It's twenty-odd years and a day.

THE TRUE FORGOTTEN

(Tune: Die Moorsoldaten)

Far and wide as the eye can wander,
 Documents are everywhere,
 See the lash that descends upon us,
 Lash of Lochlan M. Sinclair.

Chorus: We are the true forgotten,
 Bleary and besotten,
 It's the war.

Now for us there is no complaining,
 Duty seldom calls at sea.
 But can Army fox-hole training,
 Ever match our misery?

Chorus: We're serfs of Makalapa,
 Slaves to the Kanji and the Kane,
 It's a bore.

Some day soon we shall be returning,
 Dictionaries lost at sea.
 Torn with deep and bitter yearning,
 None have changed as much as we.

Chorus: We are the true forgotten,
 Bored and bloody rotten
 To the core ...

JOHNSON BAR

Oh, Johnson Bar, Oh, Johnson Bar,
 How I wonder where you are,
 Oh don't you really, really think,
 It's time we had another drink,
 Oh, Johnson Bar, Oh Johnson Bar,
 How I wonder where you are!

THE SAD SAGA OF A J_____A JERK
(Sheehan's Lament)
(Tune: "St. James Infirmary")

14

Oh, they sent me to Pearl Harbor,
And they put me right to work,
First I got Kanjunctivitis
Then one day I went beserk.

Chorus:

Let me go, let me go, let me go, Commander,
The war may go on for yars.
Don't make me stay an ensign,
Cause I done bought my j. g. bars.

Oh, I stayed away from the office,
And I swam and read all day,
And I only went to J_____A,
To collect my mail and pay.

I thought that I had a system
And that I never would be missed,
But Woodylooked round the office,
Put me down on his absence list.

Got a call from the Commander,
He says, "Where you been all day?"
Went down to Honolulu town
To see were my eyes OK.

Then he sent out a call for Mashbir,
He came running mighty fast,
And went into Honolulu,
Just to check up on my past.

They thought about a court martial,
Mashbir grinned like a Cheshire cat,
And went looking round the office,
But he only found one rat.

Now I set next to the Commander,
And if he should raise his head,
And find that I'm not working,
I might as well be dead.

(TN: In this short, ineffably sad song is epitomized all of the pain and suffering of the fine young men who were exiled to the bloody, cruel salt mines of the Island of Oahu, T. H., he is but one of the many who suffered for years without public recognition and with no hope of award.)

TAKE ME BACK TO THE MAINLAND
(Tune: "Take Me Out to the Ball Game")

Take me back to the Mainland,
Take me back there to stay,
I want to get into bed with my wife,
I'll stay there for the rest of my life.
I don't want any palm trees,
All I want is a lei, L-E-I,
Honolulu's a sight,
But it's no place at night,
So take me away.

(TN: Lei - a token of farewell. Not to be confused with LAY.)

NAVY CHAIR CORPS SONG

(Tune: Army Air Corps Song)

Here we go, into the file case yonder,
 Diving deep into the drawer,
 Here it is, buried away down under,
 That SNAFUed stuff we've been searching for.
 Off we go, into the CO's office,
 Where we get one helluva roar.
 We live in miles of paper files,
 But nothing will stop the Navy Chair Corps.

Here we go, into the file case yonder,
 Keep the margins level and true,
 If you'd live to be a gray-haired wonder,
 Keep your nose out of the glue.
 Office men, guarding the Navy's red tape,
 We'll be there, followed by more,
 With dictionary, stationery,
 Nothing can move the Navy Chair Corps.

J ____ A BLUES

(Tune: It's The Same The Whole World Over)

While walking to J ____ A, I heard an Admiral say,
 There goes a fair young ensign, who's being led astray.

Then I walked in to the office, saw my name upon a list,
 I was feeling mighty jumpy, and I sure was mighty pissed.

Then I looked out on Pearl Harbor, and there what did I see,
 But a great big Army transport, just waiting there for me.

Oh, you can take your bars of silver,
 And your buttons made of brass,
 And when this war is over,
 You can shove them up your ass.

MORE J ____ A BLUES

(Tune: The Ballad of Sir Peter Parker)

Now listen, my lads, and a tale you shall hear,
 That deserved to be written in meter,
 How a J ____ A team got way off the beam
 Because they forgot their saltpeter.
 Rye toodel-ee-oh,
 Rye toodel-ee-aye,
 Because they forgot their saltpeter.

With pistols so dear, and all sorts of gear,
 From field shoes to helmets to condoms,
 With jibikis in hand they left this fair land,
 To solve old Nihongo's conundrums.
 Rye toodel-ee-oh,
 Rye toodel-ee-aye,
 To solve old Nihongo's conundrums.

HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

(Tune: My Bonnie)

My father makes beer in the bathtub,
 My mother makes synthetic gin,
 My sister loves hard for a living,
 My God, how the money rolls in!

Chorus:

Rolls in, rolls in, My God how the money rolls in, rolls in,
 Rolls in, rolls in, My God how the money rolls in.

My brother's a poor missionary,
 He's saving poor girlies from sin,
 He'll save you a blonde for a dollar,
 My God, how the money rolls in!

My sister's a madame on Maui,
 My uncle makes Five-Islands Gin,
 My brother's a pimp for MacArthur,
 My God, how the money rolls in!

WHITE MISTRESS

I'm dreaming of a white mistress,
 Just like the ones I used to know,
 With lips empassioned and charms unrationed,
 And thighs that glisten like the snow.
 I'm dreaming of a white mistress,
 The kind that the islands do not grow:
 For though colors may change at night,
 Yet may all my mistresses be white.

I'm dreaming of a white mistress,
 Unmarred by wind or dust or sun,
 Like a supple willow with breasts to pillow
 My tired head when day is done.
 I'm dreaming of a white mistress,
 Who's neither yellow, tan, nor black,
 But dreaming's not any fun, so
 Knock it off and let's all hit the sack.

PACIFIC PRESCRIPTION

(Tune: Humoresque)

Masturbation is the fashion,
 For your unrequited passion,
 If the girls can do it, why can't we?

According to your local prescher,
 And your junior high school teacher,
 Masturbation drives a person crazy.

But as the preacher bangs the teacher,
 Joy imprinted on each feature,
 Makes him quite unqualified to judge, sooo

Shun the sordid imitation,
 Stick to lovely fornication,
 If you've anything to fornicate with ...

But out here in the Pacific,
 Purely as a soporific,
 Nothing equals simple self-abuse!

HINKEY, DINKEY

The girls say "no" or "dekimasen", parlez-vous,
 The girls say "no" or "dekimasen", parlez-vous,
 The girls say "no" or "dekimasen", :

Until they see a wad of Yen,
 Hinkey, dinkey, parlez-vous.

At last we started out to sea, parlez-vous, etc. -
 We didn't know how sick we'd be, etc.

We came to Pearl and sat and sat, parlez-vous, etc. -
 And sat, and sat, and sat, and sat, etc.

They take us out to eat in a group, parlez-vous, etc. -
 And even time us at our soup, etc.,

They clock us when we go to the head, parlez-vous, etc. -
 And even check on what we read, etc.

We've got to sign in on a sheet, parlez-vous, etc. -
 To save the wear on Mashbir's feet, etc.

If you stop to talk to a guy, parlez-vous, etc. -
 The Major gets that look in his eye, etc.

The checkers sit, red pencil in hand, parlez-vous, etc. -
 And then rewrite every word they can, etc.

The department heads they call hanchō, parlez-vous, etc. -
 But they don't pay them any more dough, etc.

The documents are wet and blurred, parlez-vous, etc. -
 You can't even read a single word, etc.

They write in notes between the lines, parlez-vous, etc. -
 In sosho that's too goddamed fine, etc.

The scanners sit and scan the stuff, parlez-vous, etc. -
 To see that we've got work enough, etc.

LOVELY HULA HANDS

Lovely hula hands
 Graceful as the birds in motion
 Gliding like the gulls o'er the ocean
 Lovely hula hands kou-lima-nani-o.

Lovely hula hands
 Telling of the rain in the valley
 And the swirling winds o'er the pali
 Lovely hula hands kou-lima-nani-e.

I can feel the soft caresses
 Of your hula hands your lovely hula hands
 Every little move expresses
 So I'll understand all the tender meaning
 Of your hula hands.

Finger tips that say aloha
 Say to me again I love you
 Lovely hula hands
 Kou-lima-nani-e.

II

THE WAR IN POA

In the tradition of their fathers' "Mademoiselle from Armentieres" and their fathers' fathers' "Tenting Tonight", the men of World War II have produced a new crop of songs, some happy, some sad, some humorous. For wherever soldiers, sailors, and marines gather, new songs are born, old songs are revised. Here are some minor classics which should become smash hits, some other minor classics -- unbelievably minor, in fact -- which never should have seen the light of day. Alike only in their relation to the areas stretching from Frisco to Pearl, from the Marshalls to the Canal, from the Philippines to the China Coast -- the well-known and oft-cussed POA -- here they are.

ANCHORS AWEIGH

Anchors aweigh, my boys, anchors aweigh,
Farewell to college joys, we sail at break of day-y-y-y.
Through our last night on shore, drink to the foam,
Until we meet once more --
Here's wishing you a happy voyage home.

Heave aho, there, sailor, everybody drink up while you may,
Heave aho, there, sailor, for you're gonna sail at break of day.
Drink away, drink away, for you sail at break of day -- Hey!

Stand Navy down the field, color of the sky.
We'll never change our course, so Army, you steer shy-y-y-y.
Roll up the score, Navy, anchors aweigh,
Sail Navy, down the field,
And sink the Army -- sink the Army grey.

THE ARMY AIR CORPS SONG

Off we go into the wild blue yonder,
Climbing high into the sun.
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder,
At 'em boys, give 'er the gun!
Down we dive spouting our flame from under,
Off with one terrible roar!
We live in fame, go down in flame,
Boy! Nothing will stop the Army Air Corps.

Off we go into the wild sky yonder,
Keep the wings level and true.
If you'd live to be a grey-haired wonder,
Keep the nose out of the blue.
Flying men guarding the nation's border,
We'll be there, followed by more.
In echelon we carry on,
Boy! Where in the hell's the Army Air Corps?

I DON'T WANT TO BE A SOLDIER

Monday I touched her on the ankle,
 Tuesday I touched her on the knee,
 Wednesday with success, I lifted up her dress,
 And Thursday her chemise - Gor-blimey.

Friday I laid my hand upon it,
 Saturday she gave my balls a tweek, woo, woo!
 Sunday after supper, I rammed the damned thing up 'er,
 And now I'm paying seven and six a week - Gor-blimey.

Oh I don't want to be a soldier,
 I don't want to go to war,
 I just want to hang around Picadilly underground,
 Livin' off the earnings of a high-born ly-dee.

I don't want a bayonet up my arse hole,
 I don't want my buttocks shot away.
 I want to stay in England, in merrie, merrie England,
 And roger all my friggin' life away - Gor-blimey..

I don't want to be a hero,
 I don't want the medals that they wear.
 I just want to hang around, want to kick the gong the around,
 Want to dip my wick into a high-born ly-dee.

Call out the Army and the Ny-vee,
 Call out the rank and the file,
 Call out the loyal territorials,
 They'll face danger with a smile - Gor-blimey.
 Call out the members of the Old Brigade,
 They'll set England free,
 Call out your mother, your sister and your brother,
 But for God's sake, don't call me!

WALTZING MATILDA

Once a jolly swagman sat beside the billabong
 Under the shade of a koolabah tree,
 And he sang as he sat and waited while his billy boiled,
 You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me.

Chorus:

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
 You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me,
 And he sang as he sat and waited while his billy boiled,
 You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Down came a jumbuck to drink beside the billabong.
 Up jumped the swagman and seized him with glee,
 And he sang as he tucked that jumbuck in his tuckerbag,
 You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Down came the stockman riding on his thorobred,
 Down came the troopers - One, two, three!
 Where's the jolly jumbuck you've got in your tuckerbag,
 You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Up jumped the swagman and plunged into the billabong.
 You'll never catch me alive, said he,
 And his ghost may be heard as you walk beside the billabong,
 You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

MARINE HYMN

From the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli,
 We fight our country's battles on the land as on the sea,
 First to fight for right and freedom,
 And to keep our honor clean,
 We are proud to claim the title of United States Marines.

From the Pest Hole of Cavite to the Ditch at Panama,
 You will find them very needy of Marines, that's what we are.
 We're the watch dogs of a pile of coal, or we dig a magazine,
 Though our job lots are quite manifold, Who would not be a Marine.

Our flag's unfurled to every breeze from dawn to setting sun,
 We've fought in every clime and place where we could take a gun,
 In the snows of far-off northern lands, and in sunny tropic scenes,
 You will always find us on the job, the United States Marines.

Here's health to you and to the Corps which we are proud to serve,
 In many a strife we've fought for life, and never lost our nerve.
 If the Army and the Navy ever look on Heaven's scenes,
 They will find the angels sleeping with the United States Marines.

BLESS 'EM ALL

Dougout Doug

Now the greatest of generals is Douglas the Proud,
 Writer of fine flowing prose,
 He paces the floor as his orders ring out,
 Down through his aquiline nose.
 Now he writes his dispatches in bundles and batches,
 And each in a style so sublime.
 The gyrenes are doing my fighting again,
 So give 'em a fuckin' this time!
 Write 'em all, write 'em all, write 'em all with great gusto and gall,
 Write cause I'm giving the home folks a thrill,
 Cause soon I'll be writing from Capitol Hill.
 From my hotel CP I will call to my troops, do not falter at all!
 In my dispatch files I marched 90 miles,
 And Japs by the millions did fall!
 CHORUS: Bless 'em all, bless 'em all,
 The long and the short and the tall,
 There'll be no promotions this side of the ocean,
 So cheer up, my lads, bless 'em all!

They asked for the Army to come to Tulagi,
 But Douglas MacArthur said, No!
 He gave for a reason it isn't the season,
 Besides there is no U.S.O.
 Bless 'em all, bless 'em all, the long and the short and the tall,
 Bless all the pelicans and dogfaces too,
 Bless Doug MacArthur, he's sure to bless you!
 Now they're saying good-bye to us all,
 As back to our foxholes we crawl.
 There'll be no promotions on MacArthur's blue ocean,
 So cheer up gyrenes, bless 'em all.

Mortarman's Song

We own the weapon that nobody loves,
 They say that our gun's a disgrace,
 We come up 200 and 200 more, and it lands in the very same place.
 Now there's many a gunner a-blowin' his top,
 Observers are all going mad,
 But devotion has lasted for that pig-iron bastard,
 The best gun the world ever had,

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all, shells heavy, big, light, and tall
 Bless high explosives and pull out the pin,
 Check all your charges and drop the shell in.
 For it's out of the gun with a wham,
 Where it lands we don't give a damn.
 For it's over or under, if it's on it's a wonder,
 The life of a poor mortar man!

Raider's Song

We are the Raiders from old Quantico, headed for old Tokyo,
 With special weapons to shoot up the town,
 Japs will be lying around.
 Where we are to go they say nobody knows,
 Specially trained for a fight,
 So don't get no motions and drink up your lotions,
 C'mon and get into the fight!
 Get your gun, get your gun, we've got Tojo's sons on the run,
 Don't let them stop or they'll come back for more.
 And when they come back then we'll really get sore.
 Now they're saying good-bye to us all,
 As back to their Emperor they crawl,
 We'll drink all their sake and really go wacky,
 So line up your sights, make 'em fall!

USS Fayette

We ride in the vessel the Japs wouldn't have,
 They call it the USS Fayette,
 They put us in bull pens and turn on the steam,
 And get all our clothes wringing wet.
 Now there's many a gyrene a-sweatin' away,
 His uniform reeks of B.O.
 It is our position by naval tradition
 To sleep with the cattle below.
 Bless 'em all, bless 'em all, those pelican lads got their gall,
 Bless regulations that glare in your face,
 Pelicans only can sit in this place.
 Now our deck space is just two by four,
 Each day they keep roping off more.
 Their reason why, is the paint isn't dry,
 Where the swabbies had pissed on the floor.

Piss Call Charlie

At night Piss Call Charlie comes over to peddle
 Scrap metal made in U.S.A.
 The 3rd defense finds him, their searchlights they blind him,
 And shoot flak all over the bay.
 They line up their sights as they turn on the lights,
 And then the guns go with a wham.
 They light up a trail behind his tail,
 And bombs come down with a bam!
 Bless 'em all, bless 'em all, they can't score a hit at all!
 Bless Piss Call Charlie, he's towing a sleeve,
 The one thing they hit and it looks like a sieve.
 Now he's saying Banzai to us all,
 For tomorrow night he will call,
 Condition red, we'll roll out of bed,
 And back to our foxholes we'll crawl!

Paramarines

Now the Paramarines, those high-priced gyrones,
 Spent many a month on their ass.
 A-shining their boots up and lookin' tough,
 And polishing up all their brass.
 Now they took Hill 1000 with great opposition,
 The lone sniper already dead,
 A coconut tumbled from out of a tree,
 And conked him cold on the head.

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all, they ain't got no chow at all.
 They asked for some transports to drop it by 'chute
 Which Nipponese, Seabees, and Raiders did loot,
 For it landed in front of their line --
 They said, "It's too hot at this time.
 There's 'chutes in the banyans 'way down in the canyons,
 But we're trigger-happy," they pined.

An Ode to the 27th Division

Said "Howlin' Mad" Smith in the fight for Saipan
 To the doggies that came for the ride,
 "Get out of your foxholes and flush out the Japs
 On Mt. Topatchau's rugged side!"
 Now there were just three snipers that stood in the way,
 But the whole damn division stood still.
 "A reinforced army has got us pinned down,
 Withdraw from this treacherous hill!"
 Bless 'em all, bless 'em all, that dogface is sure an eight-ball!
 Bless all the doggies near Nafutan Point,
 The Japs made a BANZAI and cleaned out the joint --
 "Now we heard that there was a good show,
 At Garapan's new U.S.O. --
 We've come to attend it, sit up and defend it,
 'Cause the Japs are still coming you know!"

On D-Day plus eight and a little bit late,
 Our "dogfaces" came in on time,
 With planted explosives and fixed bayonets,
 Assaulted the wash on the line.
 Now there's many a camera a-grinding away
 and seabees a-washing their clothes.
 "I've come to your rescue through perilous odds,"
 Says MacArthur wherever he goes.
 Bless 'em all, bless 'em all, they're reluctant to move out at all,
 Bless doggie generals a-pulling their rank,
 Kicking Seabees off dozers, Marines off their tanks,
 They put doggies on board in their place,
 So the YANK magazine will have space
 To point out with pride how they turned the tide
 And the Japanese general lost face!

They ordered the Jap fleet to come out of hiding
 And fight us till victory is won.
 Those Gyrenes have landed on Saipan's shore
 With the Emperor's men on the run.
 Now there's many a reason for pulling this move,
 The homeland it mustn't be hit --
 They must keep their face with the Japanese people,
 Or Tojo will have to eat shit!
 Bless 'em all, bless 'em all, with this they will rise
 or they'll fall.
 Bless Nippon's admirals for figuring it,
 Bless Premier Tojo -- he had to eat shit!
 Now they're saying BANZAI to us all, as into the water they fall,
 "So sorry please, we're down on our knees,
 And Tojo's behind the eightball!"

"I've Returned!"

On A-Day plus eighty still fighting on Leyte,
 Was old "Dugout-Doug" and his boys.
 Still shooting the trees up in Ormoc Bay and making a helluva noise.
 Now the Japs had knee mortars as only supporters,
 While Doug had his long-toms no end --
 Enough for today, let's go to the play,
 Entertainment for our fighting men.

"I've returned, I've returned, with fiery vengeance to burn.
 My air force is hitting them hard in the rear,
 My soldiers are all drinking blue ribbon beer.
 Now My Navy has swept the seas clean,
 From Pearl to the green Philippines,
 Against Jap logistics, I'll hurl my statistics,
 And then I will call MY Marines!"

Now one day off Palau, while quizzing a POW,
 I asked what he thought of the war,
 And what the Marines, those low-brow gyrenes,
 Were doing to even the score --
 O, he thought for a while and gave us a smile,
 And said as he spit on the floor,
 "They're a drop in the ocean, the mildest commotion,
 And soon there won't be any more."
 Bless 'em all, bless 'em all, the long and the short and the tall,
 The day is at hand when on China we'll land,
 All troops under MacArthur's command.
 We'll be saying goodbye to you all,
 As back to your foxholes you crawl.
 There'll be no promotions -- it's no Marine notion --
 So cheer up my lads, bless 'em all!

I'VE GOT SIX-PENCE

I've got six-pence -- jolly, jolly six-pence
 I've got six-pence to last me all my life.
 I've got tuppence to spend, and tuppence to lend,
 And tuppence to send home to my wife.

No cares have I to grieve me,
 No pretty little girls to deceive me --
 I'm happy as a lark, believe me,
 As we go rolling, rolling home.

Chorus:

Rolling home, rolling home,
 By the light of the silvery moon;
 Happy is the day, when the Navy gets its pay,
 As we go rolling, rolling home.

MORE - BLESS 'EM ALL

On D-Day plus twelve with no thought of themselves,
 The legions came in with a lurch.
 So right through Mindoro they stormed with a will
 Brave Doug's record not to besmirch.
 But, alas and alack, the uncharted facts
 Presented themselves by the score,
 It just so occurred that a local quartet
 Had cleaned out the joint weeks before.

I've returned, I've returned! With fiery vengeance to burn!
 My air force is hitting them hard in the rear,
 My soldiers are all drinking blue-ribbon beer:
 Now My Navy has swept the seas clean,
 From Pearl to the green Philippines,
 Against Jap logistics I'll hurl my statistics,
 And then I will call My Marines!

A HELLUVA ENGINEER
(Tune: "A Ramblin' Wreck - ")

24

Come all you gallant soldiers, and a story you shall hear,
Of the trails and tribulations of an Army Engineer,
Like every honest soldier he took his whiskey clear
Till General Scott said: "You shall not touch whiskey, wine or beer."

Chorus :

He's a helluva, he's a helluva, helluva, helluva engineer,
A rambling skate from any old state, and nothing does he fear.
He tried to do his duty, and he tried to do it well,
But the Captain and the Sgt. and the Cpl. gave him hell.

They took him to the rifle range to learn to fire at will,
The aiming and the trigger squeeze, the enemy to kill.
His rifle kicked him in the jaw, he missed the bull a mile,
For the chow-shack is the only place that he shows any style.

The doctor looked him over and the doctor grinned with glee,
"A shot in the arm will do no harm, bring on the large squee-gee."
With fifty-million typhoid bugs patrolling thru his blood,
They shot in fifty million more, and then his hame was mud.

THE BOYS FROM THE 6TH MAR DIV
(Tune: "A Ramblin' Wreck - ")

Oh, we're the boys from 6th MarDiv, we're not so very neat,
We seldom wash our hands and we never wash our feet,
We're nuts about the women, we're crazy about the booze,
Oh, we're the boys from 6th MarDiv - Now, who the hell are you?

Oh, we're the boys from 6th MarDiv, and we don't give a damn,
If you've got a job you cannot do, get away because we can!
We're nuts about the women, we're crazy about the booze,
Oh, we're the boys from 6th MarDiv - Now, who the hell are you?

MEDIC'S CHANT
(Tune: "Put On Your Old Grey Bonnet")

Get out that old broken tibia, and hitch it to the fibula,
And put the whole damn works in a cast, and on a khaki stretcher,
They will come and fetch yer, and you'll be pushing diaspies thru the
grass.

EDSON'S RAIDERS
(Tune: "McNamara's Band")

Oh, we are Edson's Raiders, we're the numbers of a band,
Although we're few in numbers, we're the finest in the land,
We played on the islands, and had a lot of fun,
But what a day we'll all enjoy when the war is won.

Chorus:

Oh, the M-1's bang, the machine guns clang, and the mortars
blaze away,
We hope to hell we hold the line until the break of day.
There's A and B and C and D, but no more Company E,
A finer band of old Marines there never has been seen.

We landed on Tulagi, and the island we soon had;
We moved on to old Canal, it really wasn't bad.
We held our lines on Lunga Ridge, and never gave an inch,
The first and 2nd Matanikau, they really were a cinch.

Right now we are rehearsing for another big affair,
 We'll take another island, and the Japs will all be there,
 And when they see us streaming on, they'll take off on the run,
 We'll say, "Old pal, from Guadalcanal, we didn't come here for fun!"

All wear a suit of dungarees, it's camouflaged in green,
 A tougher looking bunch of men, there never has been seen.
 There's Tom and Jack and Sam and Jake, you'll see no stranger sight,
 All dressed up in their battle togs, all ready for a fight.

MARINE CORPS FLYING SONG (Tune: "On the Road to Mandalay")

Take me somewhere east of Ewa, where the best ain't like the worst,
 Where there ain't no Doug MacArthur, and a man can drown his thirst;
 Where the Army takes the medals, and the Navy takes the quechs,
 And the boys that take the fucking are the United States Marines.

Chorus:

Hit the road to Gizo Bay, where the Nip fleet spends the day,
 You can hear the duds a-chunkin' from Rabaul to Lunga Bay.
 Pack a load to Gizo Bay, where the float-plane Zero's play,
 And the bombs come down like thunder, on the natives 'cross the way.

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

I wish all girls were like B-24's,
 And I were a pilot, I'd make them all whores,
 Oh, roll your leg over, roll your leg over,
 Roll your leg over the man in the moon.

I wish all girls were like chicks in the springtime,
 And I were a cock, I'd screw them in swingtime,

I wish that all girls were like little white rabbits,
 And I were a hare, I'd teach them bad habits,

I wish that all girls were like girls down in Sydney,
 I may not have much, but I still have one kidney,

I wish that all girls were like fish in a pool,
 And I were a pike with a water-proof tool,

I wish that all girls were like goats in the woods,
 And I were a ram, I'd teach them what's good.

ARTILLERY SONG

Over hill, over dale, as we hit the dusty trail
 And the caissons go rolling along.
 In and out, hear them shout -- counter march and right about
 And the caissons go rolling along.

Chorus:

Then it's Hi! Hi! Hoo! in the Field Artillery
 Shout out your numbers loud and strong.
 Where'er you go, you will always know
 That the caissons are rolling along.

In the storm, in the night, action left or action right;
 See the caissons go rolling along.
 Limber front, limber rear, prepare to mount, you cannoneer
 And the caissons go rolling along.

THE RADIOMAN'S LAMENT
(Tune: "The Man on the Flying Trapeze")

Oh, once I was happy but now I'm a wreck,
I put in four months as a radio tech,
And waded thru snow from my toes to my neck,
Give ear while an R.O.I. speaks:

Oh, I fly thru the air in a B-24.
It's loaded with Looies and Sergeants galore,
But I'm just a plain PFC.
I sit and I sit in my radio shack
The pilot's in front and the gunner's in back
And dodges bullets when Zeros attack?
And yet I'm a plain PFC.

Oh, I fly thru the air in a B-17,
The pilot is 20, the gunner's 19,
And I'm 26, and wherever I'm seen,
I'm still just a plain PFC.
Oh, one day I know, at some not distant date
A bullet will up thru my third vertebrae,
And when I report at that heavenly gate
I'll still be a plain PFC.

MY WILD-EYED CADET
(Tune: "My Wild Irish Rose")

My wild-eyed cadet, he ain't learned nothin' yet.
He noses her down, when close to the ground,
My wild-eyed cadet!
He slips in his banks, if he lives, we'll all give thanks,
I hear drums beating low, and men marching slow,
Behind wild-eyed cadets.

KAY-PEE MARCHING SONG
(Tune: "Field Artillery Song")

Over sinks, over pails, with the sergeant on our tails,
All the KP's are scrubbing along,
Shining pots, shining pans, cleaning out the garbage cans,
All the KP's are scrubbing along,
Oh, it's hi, hi, hee, in the kitchen scullery
Sixteen long hours of the day.
And where we go, by our smell you'll know
That the KP's are scrubbing along,
That the KP's are scrubbing along.

Peeling spuds, washing peas, scouring floors on hands and knees,
All the KP's are scrubbing along,
Stoking fires, hauling coals, till there's murder in our souls,
All the KP's are scrubbing along,
Oh, it's hard to sing, when you're scrubbing everything,
Sinatra should try it for a day,
And where we go, by our smell you'll know,
That the KP's are scrubbing along.

BOMBED LAST NIGHT
(Tune: "Drunk Last Night - ")

Bombed last night, bombed the night before,
Gonna get bombed tonight like we never got bombed before,
For when we're bombed we're scared as we can be,
Oh, God damn the Japs with their bakugekiki!
They're over us, they're over us, one fox-hole for the four of us,
Glory be to God that there are no more of us,
Cause one of us could fill it all alone.

Political Potpourri.

To those of you blessed - or damned - with a social sense and visions of a Facist-free world - this section is dedicated. All of us who looked out from ivory towers during the '30's and watched the pattern of Manchuria and Ethiopia and Spain burst into the horrors of today, who read PM and FR, who debate over the future of Soviet influence in the Far East and Britain's position in the new European order, who discuss the PAC and the TVA and the WLB, who worry over racial intolerance and cartels and India and the South may find familiar notes in the following pages.

NATIVE LAND

Everywhere life's forces freely brought thee,
As the Volga's ample waters flow,
To our youth now every door is open,
Everywhere our old men honoured go.

Everywhere throughout our mighty union,
All our people flourish free from strife,
Side by side, the white, the dark, the yellow
Build in peace a richer, better life.

But that now the foe has tried to smash us,
Tried to desolate our land so dear,
Like the thunder, like the sudden lightning,
We now give our answer sharp and clear.
Like the thunder, like the sudden lightning,
We now give our answer, sharp and clear.

HANS BEIMLER

Vor Madrid in Schutzengraben
In die Stunde der Gefahr,
Mit der eisernen Brigaden
Sein Herz voll Hass geladen
Stand Hans der Kommissar,
Stand Hans der Kommissar.

Eine Kugel kam geflogen,
Aus der Heimat für ihn her
Der Schuss war gut erwogen
Der Lauf war gut gezogen
Ein Deutches Schiessgewehr,
Ein Deutches Schiessgewehr.

Seine Heimat muss er lassen
Weil er Freiheitskämpfer war
Auf Spaniens blut'gen Strassen
Für das Recht der armen Klassen
Starb Hans der Kommissar
Starb Hans der Kommissar.

Kann dir die Hand d'rauf geben
Derweil ich eben lad'
Du bleibst in uns-rom Leben
Dem Feind wird nicht vergeben
Hans Beimler, Kamerad
Hans Beimler, Kamerad.

Wohin auch das Auge blicket
 Moor und Heide nur ringsum
 Vogelsang uns nicht erquicket
 Eichen stehen kahl und krumm.
 Wir sind die Moorsoldaten
 Und ziehen mit dem spaten
 ins loor.

Auf und nieder geh'n die Posten
 Keiner, keiner kann hindurch.
 Flucht wird nur das Leben kosten!
 Vierfach ist umz aumt die Burg
 Wir ind die ...

Doch für uns gibt es kein Klagen,
 Ewig kanns nicht Winter sein
 Einmal werden froh wir sagen:
 Heimat du bist wieder mein!
 Dann zieh'n die Moorsoldaten
 Nichtmehr mit dem Spaten
 ins loor.

Far and wide as the eye can wander,
 Heath and bog are everywhere,
 Not a bird sings out to cheer us
 Oaks are standing gaunt and bare.

We are the peat bog soldiers,
 We're marching with our spades,
 To the bog.

Up and down the guards are pacing,
 No one, no one can get through.
 Flight would mean a sure death facing
 Guns and barbed wire greet our view
 We are the ...

But for us there is no complaining
 Winter Will in time be past,
 One day we shall cry rejoicing:
 Homeland dear, you're mine at last.

Then will the peat-bog soldiers
 March no more with their spades,
 To the bog.

DIE THÄLMANN-KOLONNE

Spaniens Himmel breitet seine Sterne
 Über unsre Schützengräben aus.
 Und der Morgen grüsst schon aus der Ferne
 Bald geht es zum neuen Kampf hinaus (Repeat)
 Die Heimat ist weit.
 Doch wir sind bereit
 Wir kämpfen und siegen für dich:
 Freiheit!

Dem Faschisten werden wir nicht weichen,
 Schickt er auch die Kugeln hageldicht.
 Mit uns stehn Kameraden ohne gleichen
 Und ein Rückwärts gibt es für uns nicht (Repeat)
 Die Heimat

Rührt die Trümmel! Fallt die Bajonette
 Vorwärts marsch! Die Sieg ist under Lohn!
 Mit der roten Fahne! Brecht die Kette!
 Auf zum Kampf das Thälmann-Bataillon! (Repeat)
 Die Heimat etc

/: Los cuatros generales :/ mamita mia	The four insurgent generals, Mamita Mia,
/: que se han alzado :/ mamita mia	They tried to betray us.
/: Para la Nochebuena :/ mamita mia	At Christmas, holy evening, Mamita Mia,
/: seran ahorcados :/ mamita mia	They'll all be hanging.
/: Madrid que bien resistes :/ mamita mia	
/: las bombardaros :/ mamita mia	
/: De las bombas se rien :/ mamita mia	
/: las Madrilenos :/ mamita mia	
/: Madrid, dich wunderbare :/ mamita mia	Madrid, you wondrous city, Mamita Mia,
/: dich wollten sie nehmen :/ mamita mia	They wanted to take you.
/: Doch deiner treuen Söhne :/ mamita mia	But your courageous children, Mamita Mia,
/: brauchst du dich nicht schämen :/ mamita mia	They did not disgrace you.
/: Und alle deine Tränen :/ mamita mia	And all your tears of sorrow, Mamita Mia,
/: die werden wir rächen :/ mamita mia	We shall avenge them.
/: Und alle unsre Knechtshaft :/ mamita mia	And all our age-old bondage, Mamita Mia,
/: die werden wir brechen :/ mamita mia	We'll break asunder.

DAS LIED VON DER EINHEITSFRONT

Y como ser humano, el hombre lo que quiere es su pan.
 Las habladurias le baston ya, porque estas nada le dan.
 Pues: un, dos, tres; Pues: un, dos, tres,
 Companero, en tu lugar!
 Porque eres del pueblo affiliate ya
 En el frente popular.

And just because he's human, he doesn't like a pistol to his head,
 He wants no servants under him, and no boss over his head.
 So left, two, three! So left, two, three!
 To the work that we must do.
 March on in the workers' united front,
 For you are a worker too.

Tu es un ouvrier --- oui! Viens avec nous, ami, n'ai pas peur!
 Nous alons vers la grande union, de tous les vrais travailleurs!
 Marchons au pas, marchons au pas,
 Camarades, vers notre front!
 Range-toi dans le front de tous les ouvriers
 Avec tous les freres etrangers.

Und weil der Prolet ein Prolet ist,
 Drum wird ihn kein anderer befrei'n,
 Es kann die Befreiung der Arbeiter
 Nur das Werk der Arbeiter sein.
 Drum links, zwei-drei! Drum links, zwei-drei!
 Wo dein Platz, Genosse ist!
 Reih' dich ein die Arbeitereinheitsfront,
 Weil du auch ein Arbeiter bist.

Ma blonde, entends-tu de la ville,
 Flisser les fabriques et les trains,
 Allons au devant de la vie,
 Allons au devant du matin.
 A bout ma blonde, chantons aux vents
 A bout amie!
 On va ver le soleil levant notre pays.

LA MARSEILLAISE

Allons enfants de la Patrie!
 Le jour de gloire est arrive;
 Contrenous de la tyrannie
 L'etendard sanglant est leve,
 L'etendard sanglant est leve,
 Entendez-vous dans les campagnes,
 Mugir ces feroces soldats?
 Ils viennent jusque dans nos bras,
 Egorger vos fils et vos compagnes ----
 Aux armes, Citoyens!
 Formez vos bataillons!
 Marchons, marchons! Qu'un sang impur
 Abreuve nos sillons!

AVANTI POPOLO

Avanti popolo, a la rescosa, bandiera rosa, bandiera rosa,
 Avanti popolo, a la rescosa, bandiera rosa triumfera.

Bandiera rosa triumfera, bandiera rosa triumfera,
 Bandiera rosa triumfera, Ei! Viva la socialisma e liberta!

O proletari, a la stazione, rivoluzione, rivoluzione,
 O proletari, a la stazione, rivoluzione volemo fa.

Revoluzione volemo fa, rivoluzione volemo fa,
 Rivoluzione volemo fa, Ei! Viva la Socialisma e liberta!

INTERNATIONAL

Arise ye prisoners of starvation
 Arise ye wretched of the earth
 For justice thunders condemnation
 A better world's in birth.
 No more tradition's chains shall bind us
 Arise ye slaves, no more in thrall
 The Earth shall rise on new foundations
 Ye have been nought, ye shall be all
 'Tis the final conflict
 Let each stand in his place
 The International Soviet
 Shall be the human race
 'Tis the final conflict
 Let each stand in his place
 The International Soviet
 Shall be the human race.

My daddy was cowboy and I'm follerin' his footsteps
Riding the range
My chaps are wide my shirt is red, I'll wear my Stetson 'till
I'm dead.

I keep my boots on the table.
I brand cows and turn them free
But the brand ain't what it used to be
'Cause my Old Paint's a hoss with a union label.

When I was a little feller and I seen a cowboy picture
My daddy told me
A cowboy's life is mighty lean
When he ain't herdin' cows on a movie screen
So hear what your daddy's advising:
When you swing your lariat you're one of the proletariat
So find yourself a hoss and start organizing.

I went down to the old corral to pick me out a bronco
Like my daddy told me
I looked them over one by one, and there was a great big stallion
Like you won't find in no millionaire's stable
He was wild and proud and free
And he pawed the sky and looked at me and blazing on his side
Was a union label.

The foreman he was standing there and said by God he'd ride him.
Paint he jest snickered
'Cause the mean coyote was a company spy
Which was why he landed in a tree nearby and ran home crying for
mother,
But I showed Paint my union card and he says to me climb right
on pardner,
I've got plenty of room for a Union brother.

Now some day I'll be laid to rest
But I got a feeling
Paint, he'll never die
He'll thunder on through the wild mesquite
To be on time at a union meeting, strong and fearless and able
And working people thorough the land will know it's a good American
Who ride on the hoss with a union label.

Old Paint, Old Paint, a prouder hoss there ain't,
Cause my old Paint's a hoss with a union label.

STRANGE FRUIT

High on the tree there's a strange fruit,
Blood on the tree and blood at the root.
Black bodies swaying in the summer breeze,
Strange fruit hanging from the poplar trees.

Pastoral scene of the gallant South,
Those bulging eyes and that twisted mouth,
Smell of magnolias sweet and fresh,
Then the sudden smell of burning flesh.

Here is some food for the crows to pluck,
For the wind to gather for the breeze to suck,
For the sun to rot, for the tree to drop.
Here is a strange and bitter crop....

HAND ME DOWN MY WALKING CANE
(New Words--Old Tune)

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In '17 we went to war, in '17 we went to war,
In '17 we went to war; in '44 the cannons roar
Time to turn those guns the other way.

In bosses' war the worker gets, (3x)
A bellyfull of bayonets.
Time to turn those guns the other way.

In workers' war the worker gets, (3x)
A government of Soviets,
Time to turn those guns the other way.

Oh, Churchill tried to thwart DeGaulle, (3x)
But sly DeGaulle was on the ball,
Oh Boy, he turned those guns the other way.

Athenian workers all see red, (3x)
But Churchill puts their hopes to bed,
It's time to turn those guns the other way.

He spreads his fingers in a "V", (3x)
That means a Bourgeois Victory.
It's time to turn those guns the other way.

The Belgians fought in Freedom's name, (3x)
But Churchill gypped them just the same.
Its time to turn those guns the other way.

In '39 it was Franco, (3x), In '43 Badoglio.
It's time to turn those guns the other way.

Chiang Kai Shek fought with Japan (3x)
By neutralizing Red Yenan .
It's time to turn those guns the other way.

The Churchill clique is mighty slick, (3x)
But Uncle Joe is just as quick.
It's time to turn those guns the other way.

JOE HILL

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night, alive as you and me.
Says I, "But Joe, you're ten years dead,"
"I never died," says he. (Repeat)

"In Salt Lake, Joe", by God, says I, him standing by my bed,
"They framed you on a murder charge,
Says Joe, "but I ain't dead." (Repeat)

"The copper bosses shot you, Joe, they killed you, Joe," says I.
Takes more thsn guns to kill a man,
Says Joe, "I didn't die." (Repeat)

and standing there as big as life, and smiling with his eyes,
Says Joe, "what they forgot to kill
Went on to organize!" (Repeat)

"From San Diego up to Maine, in every mine and mill,
Where working men defend their rights,
It's there you'll find Joe Hill!" (Repeat)

Drinking Ditties and College Classics.

The prevailing Polynesian picture of men without women becomes definitely worse if we were to face drinking without singing. The places may vary -- bars, dormitories, BOQ's, the inevitable kitchens. Elsewhere the surroundings may also differ -- stag picnics, sorority dances, train compartments, hotel rooms. But winter and summer, Stanford and Harvard, looped or only starting --- the songs remain notable standard.

Almost inseparable from this group of general drinking songs are those made famous by the colleges and universities of the country. Thus, in recognition of the sophmoric spirit which we try--often inadequately - to disguise, the latter are added. Every one is not included, nor are all the local delicacies rolled off ruby lips at sorority hen sessions. Just a few, simple, singable items.

MINNIE THE MERMAID

Oh, oh, oh, oh, what a time I had with Minnie the Mermaid,
Down at the bottom of the sea.
I forgot my morals, down among the corals,
Every time she sat upon my knee-ee-ee.
And every night when the starfish came out,
I hugged and kissed her sooo much.
Oh, what a time I had with Minnie the Mermaid,
Down in her seaweed bungalow (you dirty maiden!)
Down in her seaweed bungalow.

I'LL TAKE THE LEG FROM OFF THE TABLE

I'll take the leg from off the table,
I'll take an arm from off a chair,
I'll take the body from the davenport,
And from the mattress get the hair.
I'll take the neck from off a bottle,
And then I bet you when I'm through,
I'll get a lot more loving
From that goddam dummy,
Than I ever got from you.

YOU CAN EASILY TELL

You can easily tell she's not my mother,
'Cause my mother's only 49.
You can easily tell she's not my sister,
'Cause I'd never show my sister such a wonderful time.
You can easily tell she's not my sweetie,
'Cause my sweetie is too refined,
She's a good little kid who likes a good time,
She's just a personal friend of mine
You heard me say it!
Just a personal friend of mine.

BROADWAY'S A TAME STREET

Broadway's a tame street
 Compared to our main street,
 All dressed up on Saturday night.
 Right from Perkins' Corner
 To the Second Presbyterian Church,
 You can see those little Jackie Horners
 All dressed up and standing on the corners,
 Looking them over, the girls from the clover.
 Corn-fed and struttin' up and do-o-own.
 Though their skirts may be of gingham
 IT's the saucy way they swing 'em,
 Brings the drummers to our home town.

Though their skirts may be of flannel
 IT's the zipper in the panel,
 Brings the drummers to our home town.

Though their skirts may be of taffeta,
 It's their bodies that they're after,
 Brings the drummers to our home town,

Though their skirts may be of linen,
 It's the joy that lies within 'em
 Brings the drummers to our home town.

Though their skirts may be of serge,
 It's the biological urge,
 Brings the drummers to our home town.

Though their skirts may be of cotton,
 It's the joys that can be gotten,
 Brings the drummers to our home town.

Though their skirts may be of nylon,
 It's the way the boys all pile on,
 Brings the drummers to our home town.

BAMBOO BUNGALOW

I'll build a bungalow big enough for two,
 Big enough for two, my Honey, big enough for two,
 And when we're married, happy we'll be,
 Underneath the bamboo, underneath the bamboo tree.

Boom, boom - boom, boom - boom, boom, boom, boom!

If you'll be M I N E (spell) mine,
 I'll be T H I N E thine,
 And I'll L O V E love you,
 All the T I M E time.
 You are the B E S T best,
 Of all the R E S T rest,
 And I'll L O V E love you,
 All the T I M E time--
 Rack 'em up, stack 'em up -- Any ol' time!

EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE

East side, West side, all around the town,
 Tots played Ring-a-Rosy, London Bridge's falling
 down.
 Boys and girls together, me and Mamie O'Rourke,
 Tripped the light fantastic on the sidewalks of
 New York.

Drink, drink, drink, drink,
 Drank, drank, drank, drank,
 Drunk, drunk, drunk, drunk,
 Drunk last night, drunk the night before,
 Gonna get drunk tonight like I never got drunk before.
 'Cause when I'm drunk I'm as happy as can be,
 For I am a member of the Souse family.

Now the Souse family is the best family,
 That ever came over from Old Germany.
 There's the Amsterdam Dutch, there's the Rotterdam Dutch,
 There's the Pottsdam Dutch, and the Goddam Dutch.
 God made the Irish, and he didn't make much,
 But they're a damn' sight better than the goddam Dutch!

So, glorious, glorious, one keg of beer for the four of us,
 And glory be to God that there are no more of us,
 For one of us could drink it all alone - damn' near,
 Here's to the Irish -- dead drunk!
 The lucky stiff!

I WANT A BEER

I want a beer, just like the beer,
 That canned up my old man.
 It was a beer, and the only beer,
 That Daddy ever had.
 A good old-fashioned beer with lots of foam,
 Took six men to carry Daddy home!
 I want a beer, just like the beer,
 That canned up my old man.

BEER, BEER

Beer, Beer, for Old Notre Dame, shake up a cocktail true to our name,
 Send a sucker out for gin, don't let a sober person in,
 We never stagger, we never fall, we sober up on wood alcohol,
 While our loyal sons are marching home from the brewery.

SWEET ADELINE

Sweet Adeline, my Adeline, at night, dear heart,
 For you I pine. In all my dreams your fair face gleams;
 You're the flower of my heart, Sweet Adeline.

ONLY AN OLD BEER BOTTLE

It was only an old beer bottle,
 A-floating on the foam.
 It was only an old beer bottle,
 A thousand miles from home.
 Inside was a piece of paper,
 With these words written on,
 "Whoever finds this bottle,
 Finds the beer all gone."

ROLL OUT THE BARREL

Roll out the barrel, we'll have a barrel of fun.
 Roll out the barrel, we've got the blues on the run.
 Zing! Boom! Ta--rarrel! Ring out a song of good cheer,
 Now's the time to roll the barrel, for the gang's all here!

THE PORTLAND COUNTY JAIL

I'm a stranger in your city, my name is Buddy Flynn,
 I got drunk the other night, and the coppers run me in.
 I had no money to pay my fine, no friend to go my bail,
 So I got stuck for thirty days in the Portland County Jail.

CHORUS:

Oh, such a lot of devils, the worst I ever saw,
 Robbers, thieves, and highwaymen, and breakers of the law.
 They sang a song the whole night long, the curses fell like hail,
 God bless the day they take me away from the Portland County Jail.

The only friend I had was happy Sailor Jack,
 He told me all the lies he knew, and all the safes he'd cracked.
 He cracked them in Seattle, and robbed the Western Mail,
 'Twould freeze the heart of an honest man,
 In the Portland County Jail.

CRYDERVILLE JAIL

Old Dad Norton has got us in jail--'tis hard, 'tis hard,
 Old Dad Norton has got us in jail, both Pa and Ma refuse
 us bail,
 'Tis hard, with the doors all locked and barred,
 With a big log chain bound down to the floor,
 Damn' their fool hides, how could they do more
 'Tis hard-times in the Cryderville Jail,
 'Tis hard-times, I say.

Old Judge Simpson will read us the law--'tis hard, 'tis hard,
 Old Judge Simpson will read us the law
 The damndest fool judge you ever saw,
 'Tis hard --- etc.

They'll send us to the pen for a year or two--'tis hard, 'tis hard.
 They'll send us to the pen for a year or two,
 For making a barrel of mountain dew,
 'Tis hard --- etc.

They'll feed us on nothing but water and bread--'tis hard, 'tis
 hard,
 They'll feed us on nothing but water and bread,
 And keep us there until we're dead,
 'Tis hard --- etc.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE

Blood on the saddle;
 Blood on the ground;
 Great big puddles of blood all around.
 A cowboy lay in it,
 All bloody and dead.
 On him his horse had fallen,
 And bashed in his haid.

BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS

Once I was a barnmaid, down in Drury Lane,
 My master he was kind to me, my mistress was the same,
 Till along came a sailor from far across the sea,
 And he is the cause of all my misery.

Singing:

Bell bottom trousers,
 Coats of Navy Blue,
 He'll climb the riggin'
 Like his daddy used to do.

He asked for a kerchief to tie around his head,
 He asked me for a candle to light his way to bed.
 And I, like a silly maid, and thinking it no harm,
 Climbed into the sailor's bed to keep the sailor warm.

Singing: (Refrain)

He left me in the morning before the break of day,
 He left me with a five-pound note, and this is what he said:
 It may be a daughter, it may be a son,
 But this will help to pay for the harm that I have done.
 If you have a daughter, bounce her on your knee,
 But if you have a son, send the bastard out to sea.

Singing: (Refrain)

Now listen all you maidens and take a tip from me,
 Never trust a sailor an inch above your knee.

For if you do, you can take it strict from me,
 You'll add another member to the Queen's Navy.

Singing: (Refrain)

THE DRUNKEN SAILOR

What shall we do with the drunken sailor (3x)

Early in the morning?

Yo Ho and up she rises (3x)

Early in the morning.

Put him in the long boat till he's sober (3x)

Early in the morning.

Yo Ho and up she rises (3x)

Early in the morning.

Put him in the scuppers with a hose pipe on him (3x)

Early in the morning

Yo Ho and up she rises, (3x)

Early in the morning.

Pull out the plug and wet him all over (3x)

Early in the morning

Yo Ho and up she rises (3x)

Early in the morning.

Heave him by the leg in a runnin' bowlin'

Early in the morning.

Yo Ho and up she rises (3x)

Early in the morning.

MAMÃ EU QUERO (Portuguese)

Mamã, eu quero, / mamã, eu quero, / mamã, eu quero mamar.

Ai, dà chupêta, / ai, dà chupêta, / ai, dà chupêta p'ra o bebê não chorar.

Dorme filhinho do meu coração, / põe a beber e vem entrar no meu cordão.

Eu tenho uma irmã que se chama Ana, / De piscar o olho já ficou sem a pestana.

Eu olho as pequenas, mas daquele jeito,/ E tenho muita pena
 não ser criança de peito,
 Eu tenho uma irmã que é fenomenal,/ Ela é da Bôça, e o
 marido é um boçao.

CARELESS LOVE

Love, O love, O careless love,
 You see what careless love can do.
 It'll make you walk the floor and cry
 Will make a total wreck of you.

If I was a little bird,
 I would fly from tree to tree,
 And build my nest 'way up in the air,
 Where the bad boys couldn't bother me.

Love, O love, O careless love,
 Has set our hearts on goal-less goals.
 From milkless milk to silkless silk
 We are growing used to soul-less souls.

Love, O love, O careless love,
 You fly right to my head like wine,
 You've broke the heart of many a gal,
 But you'll never break this heart of mine.

We SOS by wireless wire,
 We're cooking now by fireless fire,
 If things go on, we'll all be gone,
 'Cause they'll procreate by sire-less sire.

Sorrow, sorrow to my heart (3x)
 That me and my true love had to part.

Who will shoe my little feet,
 Who will bring me of to eat,
 Who will warm me when I'm cold,
 And who will cool me in my heat?

Now my skirts are ridin' high (3x)
 And that man he never passes by.

When I wear my trousers low (3x)
 There's never no-one 'round my do'.

Gonna find another gal (3x)
 One who'll be my real true pal.

JACK THE SAILOR

Strike up the band, here comes a sailor,
 Cash in his hand, fresh off a whaler.
 Stand in a row, don't let him go,
 Jack's a cinch, but every inch a sailor.

CHORUS:

Jack is the king of the bright blue sea, he is as brave as the brave can be.
 He's the boy the girls adore, Oh, what fun when Jack's ashore!
 For he is the fellow that can make things hum,
 Oh, how they run when they see him come loaded down with gold so bright,
 Welcome home, Jack, you're all right.

Landlord, fill the flowing bowl
Until it doth run over,
Landlord, fill the flowing bowl
Until it doth run over.
For tonight we'll merry, merry be,
For tonight we'll merry, merry be,
For tonight we'll merry, merry be,
Tomorrow we'll get sober.

The man who drinks good whiskey punch,
And goes to bed right mellow, (Repeat)
Lives as he ought to live, (3x)
And dies a right good fellow.

The man who drinks cold water pure
And goes to bed quite sober, (Repeat)
Falls as the leaves do fall, (3x)
So early in October.

The girl who gets a little kiss,
And runs and tells her mother, (Repeat)
Does a very, very foolish thing, (3x)
And seldom gets another.

The girl who gets a little kiss,
And then asks for another, (Repeat)
Gets what she's looking for, (3x)
And soon becomes a mother.

GEORGE JONES

George Jones had a meeting at his house one night,
For to name his first-born child,
To give him a high-toned name and start him off right.
Poor George was almost wild.
Now the night of the christening Parson Brown inquired,
Say, what's this child's name gwine to be?
Someone hollered, "Sam"; another shouted, "Ham"
But George said, "You leave this one to me."
Gwine name him George Washington Christopher Colombus,
Madison and Douglas Lee,
Gwine name him Jim A. Jeffries, Joe Jannis, Jack Johnson,
Ring in a Booker T.,
Admiral Dewey, Thomas Jefferson, McKinley, and Sherlock Holmes,
Obediah, Hezekiah, Abraham Lincoln, I said Abe Lincoln,
And I mean Abe Lincoln Jones.

Now little Georgie (s twin sister didn't have no name,
So George said, "Let's name this one too",
He turned to the parson, saying, "Reverend Brown",
"Now I tell you what we'll do;
It ain't so important as a-namin' my son,
To that I'm sure you will agree."
When up spoke his wife, just as big as holy life,
And she said, "You leave this one to me,
Gwine name her Martha Washington, Aimee Semple McPherson
Shirley Temple, Gypsy Rose Lee,
Gwine name her Cleopatra, Peggy Hopkins Joyce,
Ring in a Lydia P.,
Aunt Jemimah, Texas Guinan, Victoria and Katy Malone,
Adeline, Gertrude Stein, Lindy Lou Eliza, I said Eliza,
And I mean Eliza Jones."

COCAINE BILL

Cocaine Bill and Morphine Sue,
 Strolling down the avenue two by two,
 Oh Babe, won't you have a little (sniff) on me,
 A little (sniff) on me.

Said Bill to Sue, "I won't do no harm,
 If we both have a little shot in the arm." . . .

Said Sue to Bill, "I can't refuse,
 'Cause there's no more kick in dear old booze."

So they walked down 5th and turned up Main,
 Lookin' for a place where they sell cocaine.

And they came to a drugstore full of smoke,
 Where they saw a little sign, said, "No More Coke."

Now in a graveyard on the hill,
 Lies the body of Cocaine Bill.

And in a little grave by his side,
 Lies the body of his would-be bride.

Now all you cokies is gwine to be dead,
 If you don't stop a-(sniff)in' that stuff in your head.

THE DARKTOWN STRUTTERS' BALL

I'll be down to get you in a taxi, Honey,
 You better be ready 'bout half-past eight.
 Now, dearie, don't be late,
 I want to be there when the band starts playing,
 Remember when we get there, Honey,
 The two-steps I'm gwine have them all,
 Gwine dance out both my shoes,
 'Then they play the "Jelly Roll Blues"
 Tomorrow night at the Darktown Strutters' Ball.

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

Swing low, Sweet Chariot, comin' for to carry me home.
 Swing low, Sweet Chariot, comin' for to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan and what did I see,
 Comin' for to carry me home? A band of angels,
 Comin' after me, comin' for to carry me home.

If you get there before I do, comin' for to carry me home,
 Tell all my friends that I'm comin' too,
 Comin' for to carry me home.

I'm sometimes up and sometimes down,
 Comin' for to carry me home; but still my soul
 Feels heavenly bound, comin' for to carry me home.

BIBLE STORIES
(Tune: "Son of a Gambolier")

Oh, Adam was the first man and Eve she was his spouse,
They lived in the Garden of Eden and started keeping house;
Everything was fine, they were happy in the main,
Until they had a little son, and started raising Cain.

CHORUS:

Come young folks, come old folks, yes everybody come,
Come to my Sunday School and make yourselves to hum;
Please to part your chewing gum and razors at the door,
And you'll hear some Bible Stories that you never heard before.

Oh, Jonah was a traveler, so runs the Bible tale,
He took a steerage passage in a Transatlantic Whale;
The whale he got excited, and Jonah got depressed,
So Jonah pressed the button, and the whale he did the rest.

Oh, Daniel was a naughty man who wouldn't mind the King,
The King got mad and said he wouldn't stand for such a thing;
He threw him down a manhole with the lions underneath,
But Daniel was a dentist and he pulled the lions' teeth.

Oh, Esau was a cowboy of wild and wooly make,
His father left him all his land and none to brother Jake;
But Esau somehow seemed to think the title wasn't clear,
So he sold it all to Jacob for a sandwich and a beer.

Oh, Methuselah lived on and on, they thought he'd never drop,
His children all had children and still they called him "Pop";
He spanked 'em all and put 'em to bed at the age of ninety-five,
And if they hadn't bumped him off he'd still be yet alive.

Oh, Pharaoh was the maker of Egyptian cigarettes,
He never paid no wages, so he never had no debts;
But Moses was a delegate who put them all on strike,
So they gathered all the cash in sight and dusted down the pike.

Oh, David was a little man, an awful scrappy cuss,
Along came great Goliath and started up a fuss;
But David, nothing daunted, thought this clamor quite unjust,
So he picked him up a pebble and he busted in his crust.

JOSHUA FIT THE BATTLE OF JERICHO

Joshua fit de battle ob Jericho, Jericho, Jericho-o-o-o
Joshua fit de battle ob Jericho,
And de walls come tumblin' down.
You may talk about yo' King o' Gideon,
You may talk about yo' man o' Saul,
Dere's none like good old Joshua at de battle ob Jericho.

HAND ME DOWN MY WALKIN' CANE

Hand me down my walkin' cane,
Hand me down my walkin' cane,
Oh, hand me down my walkin' cane,
Gonna leave on dat midnight train,
'Cause all my sins are taken away.

LITTLE BROWN CHURCH

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There's a church in the valley by the wildwood,
No lovelier place in the dale;
No spot is so dear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the vale.

Chorus:

O, come, come, come, come,
Come to the church in the wildwood,
O, come to the church in the dale;
No spot is so dear to my childhood,
As the little brown church in the vale.

GIRL OF MY DREAMS

Girl of my dreams, I love you -- honest I do, you are so sweet
If I could just hold your charms again in my arms
Then life would be complete.
Since you've been gone dear, life don't seem the same.
Please come back again -- and after all's said and done
There's only one -- girl of my dreams -- it's you.

LOCH LOMOND

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,
Where me and my true love were ever wont and gae
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

Chorus:

Oh, ye'll take the high road and I'll take the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye --
But me and my true love will never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true, I'm half crazy
for the love of you,
It won't be a stylish marriage; I can't afford a carriage,
But you'd look sweet upon the seat of a bicycle built for two.
Michael, Michael, here is your answer, dear. I won't cycle,
it makes me feel so queer.
If you can't afford a carriage, there won't be any marriage.
For I'll be damned if I'll be crammed on a bicycle built for two.

THE BAND PLAYED ON

Casey would waltz with the strawberry blonde,
And the band played on.
He'd glide 'cross the floor with the girl he adored,
And the band played on.
But his brain was so loaded he nearly exploded --
The poor girl would shake with alarm.
He married the girl with the strawberry curl,
And the band played on.

ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a-settin', and I know she thinks o' me,
For the wind is in the palm trees, and the temple bells they say,

Come you back my British soldier,
Come you back to Mandalay; come you back to Mandalay.

Chorus:

Come you back to Mandalay, where the old Flotilla lay,
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay.
On the road to Mandalay, where the flyin' fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder out of China 'cross the bay.

Ship me somewheres east of Suez where the best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments, an' a man can raise
A thirst, for the temple-bells are callin'
And it's there that I would be -- by the old Moulmein Pagoda,
Lookin' lazy at the sea, lookin' lazy at the sea.

STOUT HEARTED MEN

Give me some men who are stout-hearted men,
Who will fight for the rights they adore.
Start me with ten of those stout-hearted men,
And I'll soon give you ten thousand more.
Shoulder to shoulder and bolder and bolder,
They grow as they go to the war.
For there's nothing in this world can halt or mar our plan,
When stout-hearted men will get together man to man.

VAGABOND SONG

Come all ye beggars of Paris town, ye lousy rabble of low degree,
We'll spare King Louis to keep his crown to save our city from
Burgundy.
You and I are good for nothing but to die, but we can die for liberty,
Sons of toil and danger, will you serve a stranger, and bow down
to Burgundy.
Sons of shame and sorrow, will you cheer tomorrow for the crown of
Burgundy.
Onward, onward, swords against the foe, forward, forward, the lily
banners go,
Sons of France around us, break the chains that bound us,
And to hell with Burgundy.

WE DRINK

When I get drunk, I lay down in my bunk,
And it's nobody's business but my own.

And when I get sober, I go do the whole thing over,
And it's nobody's business but my own.

We drink, we drink, we're happy as can be,
And we don't give a damn for a woman or a man
Who won't get drunk with me.

The Pope, he leads a jolly life, jolly life,
 He's free from every care and strife,
 He drinks the best of Rhenish wine,
 I would the Pope's gay life were mine. (Repeat)

But he don't lead a jolly life,
 He has no maid or blooming wife,
 He has no son to raise his hope,
 Oh no! I would not be the Pope. (Repeat)

The Sultan better pleases me,
 His life is full of jollity,
 His wives are many as he will,
 I fain the Sultan's throne would fill. (Repeat)

But still he is a wretched man,
 He must obey the Koran,
 He dare not drink one drop of wine,
 I would not change his lot for mine. (Repeat)

So, when my sweetheart kisses me,
 I'll think that I'd the Sultan be,
 And when my Rhenish, Rhenish wine I tope,
 Oh, then I'll think that I'm the Pope. (Repeat)

THE LINCOLNSHIRE POACHER

When I was bound apprentice in famous Lincolnshire,
 Full well I served my master for more than twenty year,
 Until I took to poaching as you shall shortly hear,
 Ah, it's my delight on a shiny night in the season of the year.

As me and my pals was a-settin' of a snare,
 'Twas then we spied the gamekeeper, for him we did not care.
 For we can wrestle and fight my lads and jump o'er anywhere;
 Ah, it's my delight on a shiny night in the season of the year.

We went right on a-settin' them pretendin' not to look,
 Until we felt the gamekeeper was right behind our back,
 And then we turned and grabbed him and tossed him into the brook;
 Ah, it's my delight on a shiny night in the season of the year.

Success to every gentleman who lives in Lincolnshire,
 Success to every poacher that wants to catch a hare,
 Bad luck to every gamekeeper who will not sell a deer.
 Ah, it's my delight on a shiny night in the season of the year.

HALLELUJAH!

Lying in the gutter, all guzzled up on beer,
 Bubbles in my whiskers, I thought my end was near,
 Then came the glorious Army, and I was born again ---
 Glory, glory, hallelujah, tra-la-la, amen, tra-la-la, amen!

Chorus:

Hallelujah . . . hallelujah!
 Drop a nickel on the drum, drop a nickel on the drum!
 Hallelujah, . . . hallelujah!
 Drop a nickel on the drum, and you'll be saved.

When I was sweet sixteen, I was the village belle,
 The way I danced and carried on would send me straight to hell;
 I rode a tandem bicycle, my ankles were in view,
 I joined the glorious Army and I was born anew.

Happy, happy day! We are S-A-V-E-D, H-A-P-P-Y to be F-R-double-E!
 We're joined the glorious Army, and we are born again!

Nut brown maiden, thou hast a bright blue eye for love.
 Nut brown maiden, thou hast a bright blue eye.
 A bright blue eye is thine, love;
 The glance in it is mine, love;
 Nut brown maiden, thou hast a bright blue eye.

Nut brown maiden, thou hast a ruby lip to kiss,
 Nut brown maiden, thou hast a ruby lip.
 A ruby lip is thine, love;
 The kissing of it's mine, love;
 Nut brown maiden, thou hast a ruby lip.

Nut brown maiden, thou hast a slender waist to clasp;
 Nut brown maiden, thou hast a slender waist.
 A slender waist is thine, love;
 The arm around it's mine, love;
 Nut brown maiden, thou hast a slender waist.

Nut brown maiden, thou hast such pearly, pearly teeth;
 Nut brown maiden, thou hast such pearly teeth.
~~Thy pearly teeth are false, love;~~
~~They rattle when you waltz, love;~~
 Nut brown maiden, thou hast such pearly teeth.

AUPRES DE MA BLONDE

Aux jardins de mon pere, les lauriers sont fleuris,
 Tous les oiseaux du monde vont y faire leurs nuits,
 Refrain:
 Aupres de ma blonde, qu'il fait bon, fait bon, fait bon,
 Aupres de ma blonde, qu'il fait bon dormir.

Tous les oiseaux du monde vont y faire leurs nuits,
 La caille tourtourelle, et la jolie perdrix,

La caille tourtourelle, et la jolie perdrix,
 Et la blanche colombe qui chante jour et nuit,

Et la blanche colombe qui chante jour et nuit,
 Elle chante pour les belles qui n'ont pas de maris,

Elle chante pour les belles qui n'ont pas de maris,
 Et dis-moi donc, ma belle, ou est-il, ton mari?

Et dis-moi donc, ma belle, ou est-il, ton mari?
 Il est dans la Hollande, les Hollandais l'ont pris,

Il est dans la Hollande, les Hollandais l'ont pris,
 Que donnerais-tu, ma belle, pour avoir ton mari?

Que donnerais-tu, ma belle, pour avoir ton mari?
 Je donnerais Versailles, Paris, et Saint Denis,

Je donnerais Versailles, Paris, et Saint Denis,
 Et ma blanche colombe, qui chante jour et nuit.

DON'T SEND MY BOY

Don't send my boy to Harvard,
The dying mother said,
Don't send my boy to Princeton,
I'd rather see him dead.
Don't send him off to Haverford,
Or better still Cornell,
But as for Pennsylvania
I'd see him first in hell.

SING A SONG OF COLLEGE DAYS ⁴¹

Sing a song of college days,
And tell me where to go,
Northwestern for her pretty girls
Wisconsin where they row,
Michigan for laddies
Purdue for jolly boys,
Chicago for her Standard Oil,
For suckers, Illinois

ON WISCONSIN

On Wisconsin, On Wisconsin,
Plunge right through that line,
Take the ball right down the field boys,
Touchdown sure this time, U rah, rah
On Wisconsin, On Wisconsin
Fight hard for her fame
Fight, fellows, fight, fight, fight,
We'll win this game.

OLD CHICAGO

Wave the flag for old Chicago
Maroon her color grand,
Ever shall her team be victors
Known throughout the land.
With the grand old man to lead
her,
Without a peer she'll stand,
So wave on high that dear
old banner,
For they're heroes every man.

STANFORD

Come join the band
And drink a toast for Stanford Red
Throughout the land,
Her banners waving overhead.
Stanford for you,
Each loyal comrade brave and true,
With might and main, sing this refrain
Forever and forever, Stanford Red.

C stand for contraception
H for her harlots bold
I for her inhibitions
C for her cuties cold
A for her alter ego
G for her gonads gay
C stands for ova to welcome
the roval
A big C for Chastity.

ILLINOIS LOYALTY

We're loyal to you, Illinois, we're Orange and Blue, Illinois,
We'll back you to stand, 'gainst the best in the land,
For we know you have sand, Illinois, Rah, rah.
So crack out that ball, Illinois, go backing you all, Illinois,
Our team is our fame protector,
On! boys, for we expect a victory from you, Illinois.
Fling out that dear old flag of Orange and Blue,
Lead on your sons and daughters, fighting for you,
Like men of old, on giants placing reliance, shouting defiance,
Oskey-wow-wow!
Amid the broad green plains that nourish our land,
For honest Labor and Learning we stand,
And unto thee we pledge our heart and hand,
Dear Alma Mater, Illinois.

NOTRE DAME

Cheer, cheer for old Notre Dame,
Wake up the echoes cheering her name,
Send the volley cheer on high,
Shake down the thunder from the sky,
That tho the odds be great or small,
Old Notre Dame will win over all
While her loyal sons are marching,
Onward to Victory.

To the tables down at Mory's,
 To the place where Louis dwells
 To the dear old Temple Bar we love so well,
 Sing the Whiffenpoofs assembled, with their glasses
 raised on high,
 And the magic of their singing casts its spell.
 Yes, the magic of their singing, and the songs we love
 so well,
 "Shall I Wasting" and "Havoumseen" and the rest,
 We shall serenade our Louis while life and voice
 shall last,
 Then we'll pass and be forgotten with the rest.

 We're poor little lambs who have lost our way,
 Baa, baa, baa,
 We're little black sheep who have gone astray,
 Baa, baa, baa.
 Gentlemen songsters off on a spree,
 Damned from here to eternity,
 God have mercy on such as we,
 Baa, baa, baa.

DOWN THE FIELD

March, march on down the field,
 Fighting for Eli,
 Break through the crimson line,
 Their strength to defy.
 We'll give a cheer for Eli's men,
 We're here to win again,
 Harvard's team may fight to the end,
 But Yale will win.

ELI YALE

As Freshmen first, we came to Yale,
 Fol de rol, de rol, rol, rol
 Examinations made us pale,
 Fol de rol de rol rol rol.

Eli, Eli, Eli, Yale,
 Fol de rol de rol rol rol.
 Eli, Eli, Eli Yale
 Fol de rol de rol rol rol.

As Sophomores we have a task,
 'Tis best performed by torch and mask.

In Junior year we take our ease,
 We smoke our pipes and sing our glees.

In Senior year we act our parts,
 In making love and winning hearts.

And then into the world we come
 We've made good friends and studied -- some.

The saddest tale we have to tell,
 Is when we bid all Yale farewell.

Oh, Lord Jeffrey Amherst was a soldier for the king,
 And he came from across the sea,
 To the Frenchmen and the Indians he didn't do a thing,
 In the wilds of this wild country,
 In the wilds of this wild country.
 And for his Royal Majesty he fought with all his might,
 For he was a soldier loyal and true,
 And he conquered all the enemies that came within his sight,
 And he looked around for more when he was through.

Oh Amherst, brave Amherst
 'Twas a name known to fame in days of yore,
 May it ever be glorious,
 Till the sun shall climb the heav'ns no more.

Oh, Lord Jeffrey Amherst was the man who gave his name,
 To our college upon the hill,
 And the story of his loyalty and bravery and fame,
 Abides here among us still,
 Abides here among us still.
 You may talk about your Johnnies and your Elis and the rest,
 For they are names that time can never dim,
 But give us our only Jeff'rey, he's the noblest and the best,
 To the end we will stand fast by him.

ELEAZAR WHEELOCK

Oh, Eleazar Wheelock was a very pious man,
 He went into the wilderness to teach the Indian,
 With a "Gradus ad Parnassum" and a Bible and a drum,
 And five hundred gallons of New England rum.

Fill the bowl up, fill the bowl up!
 Drink to Eleazar and his primitive Eleazar,
 Where he mixed drinks for the heathen in the goodness of his soul.

Eleazar and the big chief harangued and gesticulated,
 And they founded Dartmouth College and the big chief matriculated,
 Eleazar was the faculty and the whole curriculum,
 Was five hundred gallons of New England rum.

FAIR HARVARD

Fair Harvard, thy sons to thy jubilee throng,
 And with blessings surrender thee o'er,
 By these festival rites from the age that is past,
 To the age that is waiting before.
 O relic and type of our ancestor's worth,
 That has long kept their memory warm,
 First flow'r of their wilderness, star of their night,
 Calm rising through change and through storm.

FAR ABOVE CAYUGA'S WATERS

Far above Cayuga's waters, with its waves of blue,
 Stands our noble Alma Mater, glorious to view,
 Far above the busy humming of the bustling town,
 Reared against the arch of heaven, looks she proudly down.
 Raise the chorus, speed it onward,
 Loud her praises tell,
 Hail to thee, our Alma Mater,
 Hail, all hail Cornell.

High above Cayuga's waters, there's an awful smell,
 Fifty thousand sons of bitches, call themselves Cornell.

Fill the steins to dear old Maine, shout till the rafters ring,
 Stand and drink a toast once again, Let every loyal Maine man sing.
 Drink to all the happy hours, drink to the careless days
 Drink to Maine, our Alma Mater, the college of our hearts always.
 To the trees, to the sky, to the spring in its glorious happiness,
 To the youth, to the fire, to the light that is moving and calling us.
 To the Gods, to the Fates, to the rulers of men and their destinies,
 To the lips, to the eyes, to the girls who will love us someday!
 Fill the steins to dear old Maine, shout till the rafters ring,
 Stand and drink a toast once again, let every loyal Maine man sing,
 Drink to all the happy hours, drink to the careless days,
 Drink to Maine, our Alma Mater, the college of our hearts always.

SON OF A GAMBOLIER

Come join my humble ditty, from Tippery town I steer,
 Like every honest fellow, I take my lager beer,
 Like every honest fellow, I take my whiskey clear.
 I'm a rambling rake of poverty, the son of a Gambolier.

Chorus:

The son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a Gambolier,
 The son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a Gambolier,
 Like every honest fellow, I take my whiskey clear,
 I'm a rambling rake of poverty, the son of a Gambolier.

I wish I had a barrel of rum, and sugar three hundred pound,
 The college bell to mix it in, the clapper to stir it around,
 I'd drink the health of dear old Yale, and friends both far and near,
 I'm a rambling rake of poverty, the son of a Gambolier.

And if it is a girl, sir, I'd dress her up in blue,
 And send her out to Saltonstall, to coach the freshman crew;
 And if it is a boy, sir, I'll put him on the crew,
 And he shall wax the Harvards, as his daddy used to do.

RAMBLING WRECK FROM GEORGIA TECH

Oh, if I had a daughter, sir, I'd dress her in White and Gold,
 And take her on the campus, sir, to cheer the brave and bold,
 But if I had a son, sir, I tell you what he'd do:
 He would yell to hell with Georgia, like his daddy used to do.

Chorus:

I'm a rambling wreck from Georgia Tech, and a hell of an engineer,
 A hell of a hell of a hell of a hell of a hell of an engineer,
 Like all good jolly fellows, I drink my whiskey clear,
 I'm a rambling wreck from Georgia Tech, and a hell of an engineer.

FAR, FAR AWAY

Around her neck she wears a purple ribbon,
 She wears it in the springtime and in the month of May;
 And if you ask her why the hell she wears it,
 She wears it for a Williams man who's far, far away.

Refrain:

Far away (far away), far away (far away),
 She wears it for a Williams man who's far, far away.

Around the block she wheels a baby carriage,
 She wheels it in the springtime and in the month of May;
 And if you ask her why the hell she wheels it,
 She wheels it for a Williams man who's far, far away.

Behind the door her Pappy keeps a shotgun,
 He keeps it in the springtime and in the month of May;
 And if you ask him why the hell he keeps it,
 He keeps it for a Williams man who's far, far away.

And in her heart she has a secret yearning,
 She has it in the springtime, and in the month of May;
 And if you ask her why the hell she's yearning,
 She's yearning for a Williams man who's far, far away.

Around the corner she keeps a little apartment,
 She keeps it in the springtime, and in the month of May;
 And if you ask her why the hell she keeps it,
 She keeps it for a _____ man who's far, far away.

VIRGIN STURGEON

Caviar comes from virgin sturgeon,
 Virgin sturgeon's a very fine fish.
 Virgin sturgeon needs no urgin',
 That's why caviar's m'favorite dish.

I fed caviar to my girl friend.
 She's a virgin tried and true.
 Now my girl friend needs no urgin' --
 There ain't nothin' she won't do.

I fed caviar to my grandpa --
 He's a gent of ninety-three.
 Now my grandpa needs no urgin' --
 He chased grandma up a tree.

SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI

The girl of my dreams is the sweetest girl of all the girls I know.
 Each sweet coed, like a rainbow trail, fades in the after glow.
 The blue of her eyes and the gold of her hair
 Are a blend of the western sky;
 And the moonlight beams on the girl of my dreams --
 She's the sweetheart of Sigma Chi.

JONES JUNIOR HIGH

Hooray for the Jones Junior High!
 It's the best Junior High in Toledo,
 Its colors are the blue and the white --
 They stand for purity and light.
 FIGHT! FIGHT!

LOVIN'

When a man goes out to see his lady-love,
 And he fumbles round her jaw all the while,
 Gives her kisses for her mother, her sister and her brother,
 Till the old man comes to the door,
 Takes a pistol from his pocket, says he's gonna cock it,
 And blow out his teeny-weeny brain -- some brain!
 But daughter says he mustn't, and so of course he doesn't,
 And the loving goes on just the same.
 O, the Chi Omegas love it, and Quads are not above it,
 The Kappas have a finger in the pie -- some pie!
 But the Mortar Boards so haughty, though they say it's
 very naughty,
 You can bet your boots they do it on the sly!

MINNESOTA

Minnesota, hats off to thee!
 Brave and loyal, thy sons will ever be,
 Firm and strong, united are we.
 Minnesota, Ski-u-mah,
 Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah for the U. of M.

MICHIGAN

Hail to the victors valiant,
 Hail to the conquering heroes,
 Hail, hail to Michigan
 The Leaders and the Best.

Hail to the victors valiant
 Hail to the conquering heroes
 Hail, hail to Michigan
 The champions of the West!

I'M AN OLD PSI U

(Tune: I'm an Old Cowhand)

I'm an old Psi U, from Chicago U.
 But I always date the Northwestern crew,
 And you can bet that I'd never pet
 These old school teachers the Midway get,
 Not if old Northwestern is open yet,
 Yippe-i-o-ki-yay --

ILLINOIS SONG

O but to leave thee!
 O but from thee to part!
 God, what a dump thou art
 Fair Illinois
 Thy daughters reek of rum,
 Thy sons are so damn dumb,
 Why did we ever come
 To Illinois?

FIGHT ON

Fight on for old S.C., our men fight on to victory.
 Our Alma Mater dear looks up to you
 Fight on and win, for old S.C.
 Fight on -- to victory -- fight on!

Time out for old S.C., the captain wants his salary.
 Time out for old S.C., they gotta pay the referee.
 For old S.C. -- pay out. For victory -- pay out.

THE CANNON SONG

In Princeton town we've got a team that knows the way to play.
 With Princeton spirit back of them they're sure to win the day.
 With cheers and songs we'll rally round the cannon as of yore,
 And Princeton walls will echo with the Princeton Tiger's roar.

Chorus:

Crash through that line of Blue and send the backs around the end.
 Fight, fight for every yard, Princeton's honor to defend ---
 Rah, rah, rah, rah -- Tiger -- Sis - booom-bah!
 And locomotives by the score, and we'll fight with a vin
 That is dead sure to win for Old Nassau . . .!

Bawdy Ballads.

Bawdy poetry and prose has a venerable and distinguished history. Aristophanes, Plautus, Chaucer, Villon, Shakespeare, Bobbie Burns, and Chic Sale, all have succumbed to the delights of composing melodious but dirty verse. The bawdy ballad, like universal suffrage, has made these vicarious joys available to the common masses, to you and you and you. Those that follow are a choice but meagre few on which to vent the enthusiasm of half a dozen beers or the satyriasis stimulated by a dull and dirty war. In every work of art, in every compilation, there is a place for the truly vulgar. What place and what time could be better than here and now? To you, then, the bored, the weary, the naturally licentious, we dedicate Bawdy Ballads, for yea, verily, in the timeless words of the Bard himself:

"Impropriety is the soul of wit,
And censorship is a crock of shit!"

YE SADDE T'YLLE YF

WYLLIAM, YE BASTARDE KYNGE OF ENGL NDE

Prologue

Oh, ye bards theye synge yf an Englyshe Kynge,
Thyche Lyvved longe Yeares ago;
He Ruyllled Hys Lande wuth an Yron Hande,
Butte Hys Mynde was Weake and Lowe.

Ye onlye Raimente He did'st Claime,
Woth a Leatherne Underre-shyrrte,
It Purposedde to Hyde His Majesty's Pryde,
Butte It did'st Nott hyde ye Dyrte.

Oh, He woth Wylde and Woolye and Fulle yf Fleas,
Ynd Hys Terrybble Toole hyngedde to Hys Knees;
Longe Lyvve Ye Bastarde Kynge Yf Englands.

Partte Ye Fyrstte

He lovvedde to Shagge ye Royalle Stange,
Wythynn ye Royalle Woode;
Butte hys Dagntyestte Treatte woth to bare hys Seatte,
Ynd Y-pulle at ye Royalle Poodle.

Oh, ye Queene of Spayne woth a Sprytely Dame,
Yea, an Amourrouse Damme woth She;
She Longedde to Foole wyth ye Royalle Toole,
From Farre y-cross ye Sea.

So she Sentte a Custye Bidde to Luste,
By a Royalle Courriere,
Suggestynge ye Kynge Ceasse Beattyng Hys Thynges,
And Spende a Nyghte wyth Herre.

Oh, Kynge Louis yf France Heardde yf thys by Chance,
Ynd tolde Hys Asseymbledde Courte;
"Ye Reasonne Me Ryvalle Batteth Hyghere thyn I,
Ys Me Prycke be'eth too Damne Shorte."

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So, He seynte ye Duke yf Syff ynd Sappe,
To Gyve ye Kynge a Dosse yf Clappe;
Whyche would'st notte do a Thyng fyrr Merrie Englande.

Partte Ye Seconde

Now, Thayne ye Newsse yf thys Foulle Ruyse,
Did'st reache Olde London's Wallo,
Ye Kynge He Sworre bye ye Pantos He Worre,
He'd Havve Ye Frenchmanne's Balles.

He y-offeredde y-Halfe Hys Kyngdomme's Grafte,
Ynd a Cracke at Ye Royalle Mortense
To yny True ynd Stoute Hearte Who,
Would'st Nutte Ye Kynge yf France.

Oh, ye Duke yf Pette y-tooke ye Bette,
Ynd Sawledde y-way to France;
He ysplainned wyth a Learre he woth a Queere,
Ynd ye Kynge tooke Downe Hys Pantos.

Theyne Roundde Hys Donse he Tyyed a Thonge,
Ynd Merryllly, Merryllly galloppedde y-Longe,
Back to Ye Bastarde Kynge yf Englands.

Partte Ye Thyrdde

Oh, Wylliam, Ye Lewde, Hys Breakfastte yp-Spewwede,
Ynd He Pyssedde y-pon ye Floore,
Forre Durringe ye Rydde ye Frenchman's Pryde,
Hadde Stretchedde a Yarde or Moire.

Oh, ye Countrie Maudes and Citie Bawdos,
Pulleydde thyr Tittes in Fyendyshe Glee,
To See thys Buddying yf a Fudde,
Fromme Syxe to Thyrrty-thryee.

Ye Queene yf Spayne fromme y-crosse ye Mainne,
Y-came Downe to Londone Towne;
Tooke one Looke at Ye Frenchmanne's Hooke,
Ynd Quothe, "Wylle, Laye me Downne!"

Ye Womenne Flockedde fromme Mylles y-rounde,
Ynd throngedde ynto Olde Londone Towne;
Shouttynge: "To Helle wyth ye Kynge yf Englande!"

Epilogue

So, Louis (Ye Lyppe) Ysuruppydde ye Throne,
Hys Scepptre woth Hys Royalle Bone,
Wyth whyche He Downedde ye Bastarde Kynge yf Englande.

DOWN THE LINE

First you ring the bell and you ask for Anna,
Then you put a nickel in the goddam pianna;
Anna comes down in a Japanese kimono,
All fixed up with perfume and cologne-o;
Then you pay two dollars for a lousy bottle of beer,
Then you pay two dollars for a couple of weeks of fear,
Down the line, down the line.

THE LADIES AND GENTLEMAN

(Tune: "Irish Washer Woman" or "Turkey In the Straw")

Ohhhhh, the ladies and gentlemen stand in a ring,
 And the ladies take hold of the gentleman's thing,
 And they all back away with their ass to the wall,
 And they shoulder their ball and they promenade all.

Ohhhhh, the first lady forward, the second one back,
 While the third lady tickles the fourth lady's crack,
 And they all back away with their ass to the wall,
 And they shoulder their ball and they promenade all.

Ohhhhh, the first lady stands and the second one sits,
 And the gentlemen grab for the third lady's tits,
 And they all back away with their ass to the wall,
 And they shoulder their ball and they promenade all.

Ohhhhh, the ladys all bow while the gentlemen pass,
 With the odd partners kissing the fourth lady's ass,
 And the ladies and gentlemen gingerly truck,
 As all partners fall down to the floor for a fuck.

SWEET ANTOINETTE

Oh, Antoinette, sweet Antoinette,
 My pants are wet, and not with sweat,
 In all my dreams your fair cunt gleams;
 You're the wrecker -- of my pecker
 Antoinette -- I'll get you ye-et!

I WAS ONLY TEASIN' YOU

Tessie, pull down your dressie,
 'Cause I was only teasin' you.
 Just because I put a dollar bill in your hand,
 That's no reason for you to go misunderstand.
 Tessie, pull down your dressie,
 'Cause I was only teasin' you.

NO BALLS AT ALL

Oh, mother, dear mother
 I wish I were dead,
 Down in the grave with my dear maidenhead.

CHORUS:

No balls at all, no balls at all,
 A very short penis and no balls at all.

Now daughter, dear daughter,
 Don't feel so sad.
 I had the same trouble with your dear old dad.

MORE TEASIN'

1. Kittie, pull in your tittie ...
2. Dinah, close your vagina ...
3. Alice, release my phallus ...
4. Mabel, get off the table ...
5. Nona, put on your kimono ...
6. Nellie, get off my bellie ...
7. Jeanie, let go my wienie ...
8. Suzie, don't be a floozie ...
9. Doris, hide your clitoris ...

VARIATION ON ROBERT BURNS

'Twas at the gathering of the clan,
And all the lads were there,
A-feeling of the lassies,
Amidst the golden hair.

CHORUS:

Singing hey ney a lassie,
Hey ney a noo,
The mon who did ye last nicht,
He canna do ye noo.

The King was in the parlour,
A-counting out his pelf.
The Queen was in the boudoir,
A-feeling of herself.

The maid was in the pantry,
Explaining to the groom,
The vagina, not the rectum,
Is the entrance to the womb.

John Brown the Parson,
Was mighty surprised to see,
Four-and-twenty maidenheads,
A-hanging from a tree.

The parson's daughter she was there,
A-seated down in front,
A-feeling of her boobies,
With a carrot up her cunt.

The parson's wife was also there,
A-backed against the wall,
A-calling to the laddies,
"Hey hey! Come one, come all!"

There was fucking in the haylofts,
Fucking in the ricks,
Ye could na hear the music,
For the swishing of the pricks.

There was fucking on the highways,
Fucking in the Ritz,
You could na hear the music
For the sloshing of the tits.

SAGA OF THE THREE BANDS (Or "ROLEY-POLEY")

The first old whore spoke up and said,
My cunt's as big as the world;
Men have come and men have gone,
And never a hair has curled.

CHORUS:

Oh, roley-poley, tickle my holey,
Smell-a my slimey slough;
Drag your nuts across my guts,
I'm one of the whorey crew.

The second old whore spoke up and said,
My cunt's as big as the sea,
The ships said in, the ships sail out,
They never bother me.

The third old whore spoke up and said,
My cunt's as big as the air,
The birds fly in, the birds fly out,
They never touch a hair.

TIM O'BRIEN'S SONG

Tim O'Brien is my name,
Drinking gin my occupation,
Shaggin' dames my claim to fame,
Jesus Christ is my salvation.

CHORUS:

Tiddely ay ay, tiddley ay oh,
Tiddley ay ay the one-eyed Reilly,
Rig-a-jig-jig, balls and all,
Rub-a-dub-dub, shag on.

Seated by the fireside,
I was drinking gin and water,
Suddenly it came to mind,
I'd like to shag old Reilly's daughter.

Up the stairs and into bed,
Suddenly I threw m' left leg over,
Nary a word the maiden said,
Laughed like hell till the fun was over.

Down the stairs and in the street,
Who should I meet but the one-eyed Reilly,
Brace of pistols at his side,
Looking for the man who shagged his daughter.

Grabbed old Reilly by the neck,
Stuck his head in a pail of water,
Jammed those pistols up his ass,
A damn' sight harder than I shagged his daughter.

As I go walking down the street,
People shout from every corner,
"There goes the goddam sonofabitch!"
The guy that shagged Old Reilly's daughter.

THE RUNAWAY TRAIN
(Tune: "Parley Voo")

The runaway train came down the track,
She blow, she blow,
(Repeat first two lines)
Oh, the engineer was at the throttle,
Jackin' off in an empty bottle,
Oh, she blow, blow, blow, blow,
Jesus, how she blow!

The runaway train came down the track,
(Same as above)
The fireman shoveled the coal so fast,
He shoveled it up the engineer's ass,
She blow, blow, blow, blow,
Jesus how she blow.

The runaway train came down the track
(Same as above)
On, the station-master was 'hind the station,
Learnin' the art of masturbation.
Oh, she blew, blew, blew, blew--Jesus how she blew!

The big black bull came down from the mountain,
Houston, John Houston,
The big black bull came down from the mountain,
Long time ago.
Long time ago - ho ho
Long time ago -ho ho
The big black bull came down from the mountain
Long time ago.

A heifer in the pasture grazing,
(Same as above)

He whacked his dick on a white oak sapling,
(Same as above)

He yumped that fence and he yumped that heifer,
(Same as above)

His yump went wild and he ffffpht on the ground,
(Same as above)

The-big-black-bull-went-back-exhausted,
(Same as above)

MORE HUMORESQUE

Every evening after dark
We goose the statues in the park,
If Sherman's horse can take it why can't you?

Passengers will please refrain
From flushing toilets on the train
While the train is standing in the sta-shun.

I've had trouble passing water
Since I screwed your fucking daughter,
Footprints on the dashboard upside do-own.

VIOLATE ME

Violate me, in violet time,
In the vilest way that you know.
Brutally ravish me, rudely and savagely,
On me no mercy bestow.
To the guy what is gentle and kind I'm oblivious,
Give me a guy what is lewd and lascivious,
Violate me, in violet time,
In the vilest way that you know.

I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO

I used to work in Chicago, at the Boston Store,
In the pastry department, I did but I don't any more.
A woman came in and asked for some pastry,
I asked her what kind at the door,
"Rolls," she said - so roll her I did,
Now I don't work there any more.

Hardware - screws, tools.	Cake - layer
Music - jazz	Soft drinks - pop
Clothing - sweaters	Hat - felt
Cards - poker	Girdle - rubber
Candy - sucker	Stocking - hose

In the hills of West Virginny lived a gal named Nancy Brown,
 She was the prettiest filly in village or town,
 Along came the deacon with collar white as silk,
 And took our little Nancy way up in them thar hills.
 She came rollin' down the mountain, (Repeat)
 She came rollin' down the mountain mighty fine,
 But she didn't give the deacon the thing that he was seekin'
 And she's pure as the West Virginny pine.

Then along came a cowboy with all his chaps and frills,
 He took our little Nancy way up in them thar hills,
 She came rollin' down the mountain (Repeat)
 She came rollin' down the mountain by the dam,
 And despite the cowboy's urgin' she remained the local virgin,
 Just as pure as a West Virginny ham.

Then came a city slicker with his thousand dollar bills,
 And took our little Nancy way up in them thar hills.
 Oh, they stayed up in the mountains, (Repeat)
 Oh, they stayed up in the mountains all that night,
 In the morning bright and early, more a woman than a girlie,
 Her poppy kicked the hussy from his sight.

Now they're living in the city (Repeat)
 Now they're living in the city mighty swell,
 And they're drinkin' beer and skittles,
 And they're eatin' fancy vittles,
 And the West Virginny hills can go to Hell!

Then came the depression, kicked the slicker in the pants,
 He had to sell his Packard and he's all washed up with Nance,
 Now she's back up in the mountains, (Repeat)
 Now she's back up in the mountains mighty sore.
 And the cowboy and the deacon are gettin' what they're seekin',
 And she's known as the West Virginny whore.

THE WINNIPEG WHORE

(Tune: "Reuben, Reuben, I've Been Thinking")

First night up the Saint Lawrence River,
 First night on the Winnipeg shore,
 There I met that little Miss Flanagan,
 Commonly known as the Winnipeg Whore.

She said, "I think I know you, Buddy,
 Come put your pecker across my knee,
 There'll be diddlin' and a fiddilin'
 Buck and a half's my regular fee.

Through the door came whores and bitches,
 Must have been a score or more,
 You'd have laughed to shit your britches,
 To see me a-fuckin' the Winnipeg Whore.

A soldier told me ere he died--
 I don't know whether the bastard he lied--
 Had a wife with cunt so wide,
 She could never be satisfied.

So he fashioned a great big prick of steel,
 Harnessed it to a great fucking wheel,
 Two balls of brass he filled with cream,
 And the whole fucking issue was run by steam.

Round and round that great fucking wheel,
 In and out that great prick of steel,
 Till at last the maiden cried,
 "Farry a moment, I'm satisfied!"

But here is the tale -- abide a bit--
 There was no way of stopping it.
 The maid was torn from twat to tit,
 And the whole fucking issue went up in shit!

LIL

Her name was Lil, she was a beauty,
 She lived in a house of ill reput-y
 The gentlemen came for miles to see,
 Lillian in her deshabelle.

Oh, she was tall and she was fair,
 And she had golden pubic hair.
 But she was fond of Demon rum,
 And ate hasheesh and op-i-um.

The days went by and Lil got thinner,
 Because of the lack of Protein in her,
 Until her figure got so bad,
 She had to go 'round completely clad.

Now you must know Lil's clientele,
 Rested mainly on her belly,
 For it was hot and calorific,
 And heaved as high as the whole Pacific.

She went to see the house physician,
 For her unfortunate condition.
 But the only thing the Doc would say,
 "Per-ni-ci-ous A-ne-mi-a!"

THE TATOOED LADY

Oh, come and see, the tatooed lady,
 She's tatooed down, as far as you can see.
 All up and down her spine
 Is the British firing line,
 And right between her hips,
 Sails a fleet of battleships.
 And on her kidney, is a view of Sydney,
 And on her liver, flows the Congo River,
 But the place that I like best,
 Is the tatooed Lady's chest--
 Oh, let me lay my head on the hills of Tennessee!

SAM, SAM, THE TOILET MAN
(Tune: Turkey in the Straw)

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Sam, Sam the Toilet Man
Works all day in the old crap can
He picks up the soap and he hangs up towels
Listens all day to the battle of the bowels.

Dan, Dan the L-vatory Man,
He takes care of the crapping can,
He dishes out the aper and he dishes out the towels
And he listens to the rumbling of other people's bowels.

Now and then a fart is heard, telling of the coming turd,
Rah, rah, ziz boom bah.
(nasty noise, nasty noise)
That's the shithouse rag.

LULU

Bang away my Lulu, bang 'er good and strong
What ya gonna do for banging
Then Lulu's dead and gone?

Oh, Lulu had a baby, she called him Sonny Jim,
She put him in the pisspot to see if he could swim,
He went right to the bottom, and came right to the top,
Lulu got excited and grabbed him by the cock.

Repeat (1)

Oh, Lulu had a baby, she sat him on a rock,
She couldn't call him Bobby, because he had no cock.

Repeat (1)

SWEET VIOLETS

My brother's a football player,
He played in the backfield for Pitt,
But as he was crossing the goal line,
He slipped in a pile of

Chorus: ~~Sweet~~ violets, sweeter than all the roses,
Covered all over from head to foot,
Covered all over with schnow.

My uncle's a baseball player
He rapped out a three-base hit
But as he was rounding second
He fell in a small pile of (Chorus)

My father went out to the woodshed
The wood it has to be split,
But when he picked up the axe handle
It was covered all over with (Chor.

My cousin he works in a sewer,
The lanterns had to be lit
But as he was lighting the lanterns
Down came a big wave of (Chorus)

My auntie joined up with a chorus
She thought she would make a big hit
But when the performance was over
They sent her a basket of (Chorus)

My sister she got some new undies,
She thought she would dye them with
Rit,
But when she was through with the
dyeing,
They came out the color of (Chorus)

A mosquito came into my bedroom,
I reached to the shelf for some
Flit,
But some one had taken the spray-
gun,
And filled the damn thing up with
SHIT.